THE YOUNG AMERICAN READERS

JANE EAYRE FRYER

OUR TOWN AND CIVIC DUTY

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BY

JANE EAYRE FRYER

AUTHOR OF "THE MARY FRANCES STORY-INSTRUCTION BOOKS"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JANE ALLEN BOYER, CHARLES HOLLOWAY, EDWIN JOHN PRITTIE AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

In these vital tasks of acquiring a broader view of human possibilities the common school must have a large part. I urge that teachers and other school officers increase materially the time and attention devoted to instruction bearing directly on the problems of community and national life.—WOODROW WILSON.

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY

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It will be seen at a glance that Part I of this reader contains material emphasizing the civic virtues of courage, self-control, thrift, perseverance and kindness to animals. Since these virtues are so essential to the good citizen, the lesson periods devoted to the teaching of them are among the most profitable in the course in Civics for the Elementary Grades.

In the earlier Young American Reader, "Our Home and Personal Duty," the children learned about their dependence upon the people who serve by contributing to their physical needs—the people connected with home life. In this volume, "Our Town and Civic Duty," the idea of service is still the dominant note.

The work herein differs from that of the earlier volume, however, in that the people who are being studied render a service which is primarily civic. Therefore, in Part II a study is made of public servants, both those who are directly in the employ of the community and those who, although employed by private individuals, are, through contract, engaged in public service. Among these are the policeman, the postman, the fireman, the street cleaner, the garbage collector, and the ash and rubbish collector. In the study of these various people the threefold idea of dependence, interdependence and co-operation through community agencies finds ample illustration.

Of course, it should always be kept in mind that the purpose is to understand the nature of the *service* rendered, and that the acquiring of information is but incidental. The work should be so treated as to arouse in the children

an interest in these public servants, a friendly feeling toward them, and a desire to aid them in the services they are rendering.

In Part III, the nation-wide movement for Safety First finds expression. The aim is two-fold; to point out the sources of danger, and to teach habits of carefulness and caution.

The study and work of the Junior Red Cross, which form the subject matter of Part IV, are admirably adapted to bring the pupil into direct contact with one of the most inspiring aspects of our national life as exemplified in the humane and patriotic activities of the American Red Cross.

Suggestions as to the Method of Teaching. It is well known that children learn best by doing. Therefore, teachers are more and more appreciating the value of dramatization, or story acting.

Whenever the stories in the reader are suitable, their dramatization is a simple matter. The children are assigned the various parts, which they enact just as they remember the story. In no case should the words be memorized. The children enter eagerly into the spirit of the story, and the point of the lesson is thus deeply impressed on their minds. They should be encouraged to talk about the various topics in the book, and to describe their own experiences.

It should always be borne in mind that when children begin to realize that the good of all depends upon the thorough and conscientious work of the individual, the foundation of good citizenship is being laid.

This reader is not intended to be exhaustive in any sense, but rather suggestive, so that the teacher may use any original ideas which add to the interest of the lessons.

In his introduction to the previous volume, Doctor

J. Lynn Barnard emphasizes this point when he says: "Like all texts or other helps in education, these civic readers cannot teach themselves or take the place of a live teacher. But it is believed that they can be of great assistance to sympathetic, civically minded instructors of youth who feel that the training of our children in the ideals and practices of good citizenship is the most imperative duty and, at the same time, the highest privilege that can come to any teacher."

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A Bird's-eye View of the Plan of the Young American Readers

It may be said that a child's life and experience move forward in ever widening circles, beginning with the closest intimate home relations, and broadening out into knowledge of community, of city, and finally of national life.

A glance at the above diagram will show the working plan of the Young American Readers. This plan follows the natural growth and development of the child's mind, and aims by teaching the civic virtues and simplest community relations to lay the foundations of good citizenship. See Outline of Work.

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PART I

CIVIC VIRTUES

Stories Teaching Courage, Self-Control, Thrift, Perseverance, Patriotism, Kindness to Animals

It was a Hard Struggle to Make Headway

IDA LEWIS, THE HEROINE OF LIME ROCK LIGHT

This is the story of Ida Lewis, a New England girl who became famous as a lighthouse keeper.

Ida's father, Captain Lewis, kept the lighthouse on Lime Rock, near Newport in Rhode Island. While Ida was still a young girl, Captain Lewis became a helpless cripple, and the entire care of the light fell upon the daughter.

One stormy day, as Ida was looking out over the water, she saw a rowboat capsize. In a moment, she was in the lifeboat rowing to the spot. There, in the high waves, three young men were struggling for their lives. Somehow, Ida got them all safely aboard her boat and rowed them to Lime Rock.

That was the first of her life-saving ventures. Before she was twenty-five years old there were ten rescues to the credit of this brave girl.

Ida did not seem to know fear. She risked her life constantly. Whenever a vessel was wrecked or a life was in danger within sight of her lighthouse, Ida Lewis and her lifeboat were always the first to go to the rescue.

One wintry evening in March, 1869, came the rescue that made Ida famous throughout the land.

She was nursing a severe cold, and sat toasting her stockinged feet in the oven of the kitchen stove. Around her shoulders her mother had thrown a towel for added warmth.

Outside the lighthouse a winter blizzard was blowing,

churning the waters of the harbor and sending heavy rollers crashing against the rock.

Suddenly above the roar of the tempest, Ida heard a familiar sound—the cry of men in distress.

Even a strong man might have thought twice before risking his life on such a night—but not Ida Lewis.

Without shoes or hat, she threw open the kitchen door and ran for the boat.

"Oh, don't go!" called her mother; "it is too great a risk!"

"I must go, mother!" cried the brave girl, running faster.

"Here's your coat," called her mother again.

"I haven't a moment to spare if I am to reach them in time!" cried Ida, pulling away at the oars.

She had only a single thought. Human life was in danger. Her path of duty led to the open water.

Strong though she was, it was a hard struggle to make headway against those terrible waves. Time and again she was driven back. But she would not give up. At last she guided her boat to the spot where the voices were still crying for help.

There she found two men clinging to the keel of a capsized boat. They were almost exhausted when she helped them to safety in her lifeboat.

The men were soldiers from Fort Adams, across the bay. Returning from Newport at night, they were caught in the gale and their frail boat was upset.

"When I heard those men calling," said Ida, in telling about it afterwards, "I started right out just as I was, with a towel over my shoulders.

"I had to whack them on the fingers with an oar to make them let go of the side of my boat, or they would have upset it. My father was an old sailor, and he often told me to take drowning people in over the stern; and I've always done so."

The story of Ida's heroic deed sent a thrill of admiration across the country. The soldiers of the fort gave her a gold watch and chain. The citizens of Newport, to show their pride in her, presented her with a fine new surfboat. This boat was christened the "Rescue." The legislature of Rhode Island praised her for bravery; and the humane and life-saving societies sent her gold and silver medals.

Best of all, Congress passed a special act, making her the official keeper of Lime Rock Lighthouse in place of the father who had died some years before.

For over fifty years she held this position. It was her duty to trim the lamps every day, and to keep them burning brightly every night. Not once in all that half century did the light fail to shine and guide ships in safety. When an old lady, Ida Lewis was asked if she was ever afraid.

"I don't know that I was ever afraid," she replied; "I just went, and that was all there was to it. I never even thought of danger.

"If there were some people out there who needed help," she said, pointing across the water, "I would get into my boat and go to them, even if I knew I could not get back. Wouldn't you?"

Do you wonder that Ida Lewis was called the heroine of Lime Rock Light?

RUN! JOHN, RUN!

Once there was a boy, John Hart, who lived at the edge of a wood, half a mile from a village. One winter evening his mother said, "John, I want you to go to the village on an errand; are you afraid of the dark?"

"No, indeed, mother, I'm not afraid."

John set out bravely on the lonely road. Passing a great oak tree, he heard a queer rustling sound. His heart beat fast and fear whispered, "Run! John, run!" His feet began to run, but he said, "I won't run!" Then he saw that the sound was made by leaves blown about in the wind. "Only leaves," he said, laughing.

Halfway to the village a dark figure was standing beside the path. Fear whispered, "A robber! Run! John, run!" but he thought, "I won't run," and called out as he drew nearer, "Good evening!" Then he saw that the robber was a small fir tree. "Only a fir tree," he said, and laughed again.

Just outside the village a tall white figure appeared beside a dark hedge. Fear whispered, "A ghost! Run! John, run!" Although shivering, he said, "I will not run!" Then the ghost disappeared, and the rising moon was shining through a break in the hedge. "Only moonshine," he said, laughing once more.

His errand done, John set out on his return. The ghost was gone, the fir tree was a friendly sentinel, the leaves were still playing in the wind. The next day he cut down the fir tree and set it up as a Christmas tree. Spreading some dry leaves beneath it, he said, "Just suppose, mother, I'd let them scare me."

HE DID NOT HESITATE

In a forest on the banks of the Shenandoah River, in the northern part of Virginia, a party of young surveyors were eating their picnic dinner.

Suddenly they heard the shriek of a woman. "Oh, my boy! my poor little boy is drowning!" rose the cry. The young men sprang to their feet, and rushed toward the river.

A tall youth of eighteen was the first to reach the woman, whom two men were holding back from the water's edge.

"Oh, sir," pleaded the woman, as the young man approached; "please help me! My boy is drowning, and these men will not let me go!"

"It would be madness!" exclaimed one of the men. "She would jump into the river, and be dashed to pieces in the rapids."

Throwing off his coat, the youth sprang to the edge of the bank. For a moment he scanned the rocks and the whirling currents. Then, as the bright red of the little boy's dress caught his eye, he plunged into the roaring foam. Everyone watched the struggle, as he battled against the raging waters.

Twice the boy went down; twice he reappeared farther and farther away. The terrible rapids were bearing him on to the most dangerous part of the river. The youth put forth all his strength. Three times the child was almost within his grasp; three times an ever stronger eddy tossed it from him.

On the bank the people waited breathless, almost hopeless. Suddenly, the brave swimmer caught the little body. A shout of joy arose that quickly changed into a cry of horror. The boy and man had shot over the falls and vanished in the seething waters below.

The watchers ran along the bank, peering into the foaming, boiling depths.

"There! There they are!" cried the mother. "See! See, they are safe!" She fell on her knees with a prayer of thanksgiving. Eager, willing arms drew them up from the water—the boy insensible, but alive; the youth well-nigh exhausted.

"God will reward you for this day's work," said the grateful woman. "The blessings of thousands will be yours." She spoke truly; for the youth of whom this story is told was George Washington.—*Selected.*

DOWN A MANHOLE

If Willie Duncan had played where his mother told him to play, he would not have fallen down a manhole; neither would he have had a narrow escape from losing his life by being buried in the snow.

But Willie was only four years old, and therefore not so much to blame as an older boy would have been.

The street cleaners were dumping the dirty snow from the street into a manhole, which opened into a big drain. This drain carried off the rain in summer and the snow in winter.

While the shovelers were at work, Willie toddled across the street. Before the men near the manhole could stop him, he disappeared into the opening.

"Bring a ladder!" some one shouted. But there were no ladders in that street of crowded houses.

"Turn in a fire alarm!" some one else cried—and this was quickly done.

The men knew that firemen always bring ladders, and that they perform many other duties besides putting out fires.

While they were waiting for the ladder, Frank Brown came running up. Now, Frank was only twelve years old, but he was a boy of quick wit and great presence of mind. Only the summer before, he had jumped into the river from a pier to rescue a small boy from drowning.

"Let me go down and get him out," cried Frank to the workmen.

The men tied ropes about the daring boy and lowered him feet first into the manhole.

Meanwhile, they could hear poor Willie crying bitterly down there in the soft, cold snow.

"Where are you?" called Frank.

"Here I am in the snow," came a wee voice from the darkness.

Frank caught the half-frozen little boy in his arms, and both were quickly pulled to the surface.

Willie was hurried off to the hospital to be treated for exposure; but Frank was none the worse for his adventure.

While all this was happening, an accident befell the fire patrol which was rushing to Willie's rescue. The patrol motor-truck ran into a bakery wagon. The driver of the wagon was thrown out and hurt. Both the wagon and the patrol truck were damaged.

Wasn't it fortunate for Willie that day that Frank Brown knew what to do, and did it?

When the people praised Frank, he said, "Oh, that was nothing. I am glad I could help the poor little chap—but I would have gone down there to save even a kitten, wouldn't you?"

QUESTIONS

Since it took some time for the fire patrol to reach the manhole after the accident, what would have become of the little boy if Frank had not been a hero?

How would you like to go down into a dark, cold manhole to rescue somebody?

Tell what you know about Hero Medals—those of Andrew Carnegie, and others.

Do you think that Frank was a Boy Scout? Why?

THE TWELVE POINTS OF THE SCOUT LAW

1. A scout is trustworthy.
2. A scout is loyal.
3. A scout is helpful.
4. A scout is friendly.
5. A scout is courteous.
6. A scout is kind.
7. A scout is obedient.
8. A scout is cheerful.
9. A scout is thrifty.
10. A scout is brave.
11. A scout is clean.
12. A scout is reverent.

CAPTAIN ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE INDIAN

Among the rough young men of the frontier, Abraham Lincoln was famous for his quick wit and great strength. Many stories are told of his courage in

rescuing the weak and helpless from danger, often at the risk of his life.

When Lincoln was serving as captain in the Black Hawk War, there wandered into his camp one day a poor old Indian. The Indian carried no weapon, and he was too old to be dangerous. He was just a forlorn, hungry old man in search of food.

"Injun white man's friend," he cried to the soldiers, as he took a paper from his belt and held it out to them.

The paper was a pass from the general in command, saying that the old man was a peaceful, friendly Indian.

But the soldiers were too much excited to pay any attention to the pass.

"Kill him! Scalp him! Shoot him!" they cried, running for their weapons.

They were enlisted to fight Indians, and here was an Indian—perhaps Black Hawk himself. They were not going to let him escape.

"Me good Injun! Big White Chief says so—see talking paper," protested the Indian, again offering them the paper.

"Get out! You can't play that game on us. You're a spy! Shoot him! Shoot him!" the soldiers shouted.

A dozen men leveled their rifles ready to fire. The others handled the old Indian so roughly and made so much noise over their prize that they aroused the captain.

"What is all the trouble about?" he demanded, coming from his tent.

His glance fell on the frightened Indian, cowering on the ground.

Dashing in among his men, he threw up their weapons, and shouted, "Halt! Hold on, don't fire! Stop, I tell you!"

Then, placing his hand on the red man's shoulder, he cried, "Stand back, all of you! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves—pitching into a poor old redskin! What are you thinking of? Would you kill an unarmed man?"

"He's a spy! He's a spy!" shouted the soldiers.

"If he's a spy," answered Lincoln, "we will prove it, and he shall suffer the penalty. Until then, any man who harms him will have to answer to me."

The poor old Indian crouched at Lincoln's feet, recognizing in him his only friend.

"What are you afraid of?" demanded one of the ringleaders, raising his rifle. "We're not afraid to shoot him, even if you are a coward!"

The tall young captain faced his accuser and slowly began to roll up his sleeves.

"Who says I'm a coward?" he demanded.

There was no response to this.

Every man in the company knew the great strength of that brawny arm; some had felt it on more than one occasion.

"Get out, Capt'n," they said; "that's not fair! You're bigger and stronger than we are. Give us a show!"

"I'll give you all the show you want, boys," Captain Lincoln replied; "more than you are willing to

give this Indian. Take it out of me, if you can; but you shall not touch him."

Again, there was no answer.

The Indian showed his pass, which proved him to be one of the friendly Indians from General Cass' division. Lincoln knew at once that it was genuine.

The young captain ordered one of the men to give the captive food and let him go free. The poor man could not speak his thanks. To show his gratitude, he knelt down and kissed the feet of the young soldier.

The men scattered and the trouble was over. No man in that camp had any desire to try his strength with Captain Abraham Lincoln, who was ready to protect a friendless Indian with his life.

MEMORY GEMS

Oh, give us men with vision clear;
With rugged hearts that know no fear!
Good men, who are both brave and bold,
Unshaken by the lure of gold;
Who stand for right, whate'er their fate—
Such men will make our nation great.

—*Selected.*

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can.

THEY HAVE NOT HURT ME, FOR I HAVE DONE NO WRONG

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN

I

In the days of long ago, when Darius was king, a very brave man lived in Babylon. His name was Daniel. Daniel was just as truthful as he was brave. No one ever knew him to do a mean thing, or to tell a lie.

Now, Daniel was a foreigner. He had been carried to Babylon as a captive when a little boy. But that made no difference to King Darius. The king liked Daniel because he was loyal and faithful, which was more than could be said for some of the king's servants. So the king made Daniel first ruler in the kingdom—a very high position indeed; but the proud nobles and princes of Babylon were very angry at this.

"He's only a foreigner," some said. "We despise him."

"He was little better than a slave when he came here; now he rules over us," others said. "We hate him."

Then they put their heads together and plotted to kill Daniel. "Come," the plotters said. "Let us search his record and accuse him to the king. He must be dishonest, or a bribe-taker, to succeed like this."

These men judged Daniel by themselves. They searched high and they searched low, but could not find a single item of wrongdoing. Daniel was true to his trust. His enemies were defeated, but not for long; for they kept on plotting.

"Why didn't we think of it before?" cried one.

"We'll put him in a trap. His religion—he won't give that up even to save his life."

II

Now, you must know that the people of Babylon worshipped idols; Daniel worshipped the true God.

This is the trap they laid for Daniel. They went to the king and said:

"King Darius, live forever. All the nobles and princes of the kingdom desire to pass a law that whoever shall pray to any god or man for thirty days, save to thee, O king, shall be thrown into the den of lions. Now, O king, sign the writing that it be not changed, according to the laws of Babylon which alter not."

This pleased the king's vanity and he signed the law, not knowing that it was aimed at Daniel.

Then the plotters set spies to catch Daniel.

When Daniel knew that the law was signed, he might have said to himself: "Oh, well, it's only for thirty days; I won't pray at all; or I'll pray in secret; or I'll go to the king, who is my friend, and explain the plot."

He did none of these things. This is what he did. He went into his house; up the stairs to his bedroom; opened the window toward the far-off city of his birth; knelt down and prayed to his God. He did this at morning, at noon, at night—three times a day as he had always done.

III

Daniel did just what his enemies had expected. He walked right into their trap, rather than disobey his

conscience. It took a brave heart to do that. To be thrown into the den of lions meant certain death.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the plotters, "now we have him;" and they came in the morning to report to the king.

"O great king," they said, "this foreigner, Daniel, pays no regard to the law that thou hast signed, but openly worships his God three times a day."

Then the king was very angry with himself for having signed the law. All that day he tried to find some way to save Daniel, but could not; for the laws of Babylon, once made, could not be changed.

The same evening, the plotters came again, accusing Daniel. Then the king could wait no longer and sent for Daniel.

"O Daniel," said the king, "the law must be obeyed. It may be that thy God whom thou servest continually will deliver thee."

Daniel made no reply.

Then the king sadly ordered the soldiers to take Daniel to the lions.

The den was underground. As the soldiers removed the flat stone from the mouth of the den, the snarling beasts could be heard below.

Quickly they lifted Daniel and threw him in. He made no resistance. They replaced the stone over the mouth of the den, and the king sealed it, so that no one could open the den without his permission.

Then the king went to his palace. He sent away the musicians and refused to eat. All night long he tossed on his bed and could not sleep.

Meanwhile, Daniel's enemies were having a merry time, drinking to celebrate their victory.

By daylight, the king was in a fever. Hastily he rose, ran out of his palace to the den, and ordered the guard to remove the stone.

Then he stooped and looked down, fearful of what he was sure had happened. All was quiet.

"O Daniel, Daniel," he cried. "Is thy God able to deliver thee from the lions?"

Then up from the den rose Daniel's voice, clear and steady:

"O king, live forever. My God hath sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths, and they have not hurt me, for I have done no wrong."

"Lift him out! Lift him out!" cried the king, too happy to wait another moment.

Quickly they lifted Daniel into the daylight. Not a scratch was found on him anywhere.

Then the king ordered the plotters to be brought to the den immediately.

"You laid a trap for my faithful servant, Daniel," cried the king to them, "and have walked into it yourselves. The fate you intended for him is reserved for you. What have you to say?"

But they could say nothing, save to beg for mercy.

"Away with them to the lions!" ordered the king.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise. —*Henry W. Longfellow.*

BETTER NOT, BOB!

I

Thud! thud! thud! "Hit him in the eye!" "Knock the pipe out of his mouth!" "Ha! ha! there goes his nose!" "I hit him that time!"

The victim of this piece of cruelty was only a snowman, which the boys of Strappington School had set up in their playground.

But how was Mr. Gregor, who lived next door to the school, to know that it was only a snowman? And what was more natural than that he should peep over the playground wall to see what was going on? And how was little Ralph Ruddy to know that Mr. Gregor was there? And how was he to know that the

snowball which was meant for the snowman's pipe would land itself on Mr. Gregor's nose?

Oh, the horror that seized upon the school at that dire event, and the dead silence that reigned in that playground! For those were the good old times of long ago, when anything that went wrong was set right with a birch-rod. Little Ralph Ruddy knew only too well what was coming, when he saw the angry man stalk into the schoolhouse and speak to the schoolmaster.

When the bell rang at four o'clock, the boys came out; and among them was Bob Hardy, the son of a poor farm laborer.

"It's a shame," muttered Bob, "to make a row 'bout an accident. Of course the schoolmaster had to take some notice of it. He is talking to little Ralph now. I told him Ralph did not mean to do it. Just the same, I'll smash old Gregor's windows for him."

And Bob meant to do it, too. When all were asleep, he made his way down to the schoolhouse by moonlight, with a pocketful of stones.

He climbed the wall of the playground, and stood there all ready to open fire, when a voice startled him, a sort of shivering whisper. "Better not, Bob! better wait a bit!" said the voice.

Bob dropped the stone and looked about; but there was no one near him except the snowman shining weirdly in the pale moonlight. However, the words set Bob to thinking, and instead of breaking Mr. Gregor's windows, he went home again and got into bed.

II

That was in January; and when January was done February came, as happens in most years. February brought good fortune—at least Bob's mother said so, for she got work at the squire's for which she was well paid.

But it did not turn out to be such very good fortune, after all; for the butler said she stole a silver spoon, and told the squire so; and if the butler could have proved what he said, the squire would have sent her to prison; but he could not, so she got off; and Bob's mother declared that she had no doubt the butler took the spoon himself.

"All right," said Bob to himself, "I'll try the strength of my new oaken stick across that butler's back." And he meant it too, for that very evening he shouldered his cudgel and tramped away to the big house. When he got there the door stood wide open; so in he walked.

Now, there hung in the hall the portrait of a queer old lady in a stiff frill and a long waist and an old-fashioned hoop petticoat; and when Bob entered the house, what should this old lady do but shake her head at him! To be sure, there was only a flickering lamp in the entry, and Bob thought at first it must have been the dim light and his own fancy; so he went striding through the hall with his cudgel in his hand: "Better not, Bob!" said the old lady; "better wait a bit!"

"Why, they won't let me do anything!" grumbled Bob; but he went home without thrashing the butler, all the same.

III

That was in February, you know. Well, when February was done, March came, and with it came greater ill-fortune than ever; for Bob's father was driving his master's horse and cart to market, when what should jump out of the ditch but old Nanny Jones's donkey, an ugly beast at the best of times, and enough to frighten any horse. But what must the brute do on this occasion but set up a terrific braying, which sent Farmer Thornycroft's new horse nearly out of his wits, so that he backed the cart and all that was in it—including Bob's father—into the ditch.

A pretty sight they looked there, for the horse was sitting where the driver ought to be, and Bob's father was seated, much against his wish, in a large basket full of eggs, with his legs sticking out one side and his head the other.

Of course, Farmer Thornycroft did not like to lose his eggs—who would?—for even the most obliging hens cannot be persuaded to lay an extra number in order to make up for those that are broken; but for all that, Farmer Thornycroft had no right to lay all the blame on Bob's father, and keep two shillings out of his week's wage.

So Bob's father protested, and that made Farmer Thornycroft angry; and then, since fire kindles fire, Bob's father grew angry too, and called the farmer a

cruel brute; so the farmer dismissed him and gave him no wages at all.

We can hardly be surprised that when Bob heard of all this he felt a trifle out of sorts. He went pelting

over the fields, and all the way, he muttered to himself, "A cruel shame I call it, but I'll pay him back; I mean to let his sheep out of the pen, and then I will just go and tell him that I've done it."

Now, the field just before you come to Farmer Thornycroft's sheep-pen was sown with spring wheat, and they had put up a scarecrow there to frighten the

birds away. The scarecrow was truly sorry to see Bob scouring across the field in such a temper; so just as Bob passed him, he flapped out at him with one sleeve, and the boy turned sharply round to see who it was.

"Only a scarecrow," said he, "blown about by the wind," and went on his way. But as he went, strange to say, he thought he heard a voice call after him, "Better not, Bob! better wait a bit!"

So Bob went home again, and never let the sheep astray after all; but he thought it very hard that he might not punish either Mr. Gregor or the butler or the farmer.

IV

Now, the folk that hide behind the shadows thought well of Bob for his self-restraint, and they determined that they would work for him and make all straight again. So when Bob went down to the riverside next day, and took out his knife to cut some reeds for "whistle-pipes," Father Pan breathed upon the reeds and enchanted them. "What a breeze!" exclaimed Bob; but he knew nothing at all of what had in reality happened.

Bob finished his pan-pipes, and trudged along and whistled on them to his heart's content. When he got to the village, he was surprised to see a little girl begin to dance to his tune, and then another little girl, and then another. Bob was so astonished that he left off playing, and stood looking at them, open-mouthed, with wonder. But as soon as he left off

playing, the little girls ceased to dance, and begged him not to play again, for the whistle-pipes, they were sure, must be bewitched.

"Ho! ho!" cried Bob, "here's a pretty game. I'll just give old Gregor a turn. Come! that will not do him any harm, at any rate!"

Strange to say, at that very moment Mr. Gregor came along the street.

"Toot! toot! toot! tweedle, tweedle, toot!" went the pan-pipes; and away went Mr. Gregor's legs, cutting such capers as the world never looked upon before. Gaily trudged Bob along the street, and gaily danced Mr. Gregor. The people looked out of their windows, and laughed; and the poor man begged Bob to leave off playing.

"No, no," answered Bob; "poor little Ralph Ruddy never meant to hit you, and you made him dance with pain. It is your turn now."

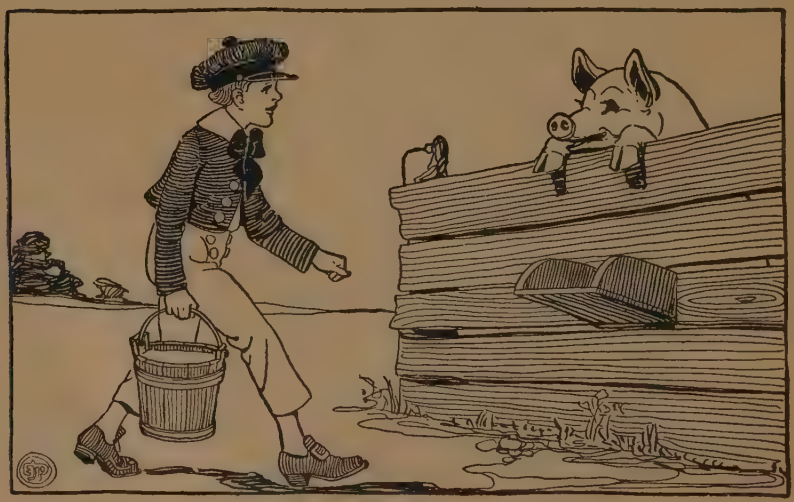
Just then the squire's butler came down the street. Of course, he was much puzzled to see Mr. Gregor dancing to the sound of a boy's whistle, but he was presently more surprised to find himself doing the very same thing. He tried with all his might to retain his stately gait; but it was all of no use. His legs flew up in spite of himself, and away he went behind Mr. Gregor following Bob all through the village and dancing for all he was worth.

The best sight was still to come; for the tyrannical Farmer Thornycroft was just then walking home from market in a great heat, with a big sample of corn in each of his side-pockets; and turning suddenly round a corner, he went right into the middle of the strange

procession and began to dance in a moment. Up flew his great fat legs, and away he went, pitching and tossing, and jumping and twirling, and jigging up and down like an elephant in a fit.

How the people laughed, to be sure, standing in their doorways, and viewing this odd trio! Mr. Gregor was nearly fainting, the butler was in despair, and the perspiration poured down the farmer's face; but that mattered not to Bob; he had promised himself to take them for a dance all round the village, and he did it. At length, when he had completed the tour, he stopped for just one moment, and asked Mr. Gregor whether he would beg Ralph Ruddy's pardon; and Mr. Gregor said he would, if only Bob would leave off playing.

Then Bob asked the farmer if he would take his father back and pay him his wages, and the farmer



said he would; and, finally, he made the butler promise to tell the squire that his mother had nothing to do with stealing the silver spoon.

Then Bob left off playing. The three poor men went home in a terrible plight; and Mr. Gregor begged little Ralph's pardon; and the butler cleared the stain from Bob's mother's character; and Bob's father went back to work; and Farmer Thornycroft soon afterwards took Bob on too, and he made the best farm-boy that ever lived.

—Adapted from the story in Little Folks
By Hartley Richards.

QUESTIONS

Did a little voice ever say "Better not" to you?
Did you listen?
Were you glad afterwards?

MEMORY GEMS

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
"Careful with fire," is good advice we know;
"Careful with words," is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God himself can't kill them when they're said.

—Will Carleton.

Help the weak if you are strong;
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong;
If you're angry, hold your tongue.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD

I

Once upon a time, a long while ago, in a big dark forest there was a great gray castle. It had high stone walls and tall turrets that you could see a long way off over the tree-tops.

Perhaps you are wondering who lived in this castle far off in the woods.

Well, you see there were cruel giants in the forest—so cruel that the king kept a company of knights in the castle to help travelers.

These knights wore the most wonderful suits of armor you ever saw. They had tall helmets on their heads, with long red plumes floating behind. They carried long spears, too; but the most wonderful thing about them was their shields. These had been made by a great magician, and when the knights first got them they were all cloudy; but as their owners did more and more brave deeds, the shields grew brighter and brighter.

Once in a long while, when a knight had fought a terribly hard battle or had done a great many very, very brave deeds, a beautiful golden star would appear in the center of the shield.

One day a messenger came riding up to the castle in great haste. He was terribly excited and he shouted, "The giants are coming! They are all gathered together to fight you!"

You can imagine the commotion that took place in the castle! There was a great hurrying and scurrying

to bolt and bar all the doors and windows, to polish armor, and to get everything ready.

The youngest knight of all, Sir Roland, was so happy that he did not know what to do! You see, he had done many brave deeds already, and he was thinking how much brighter his shield would be now that he had a chance to go into a real battle. He could hardly wait!

By and by, all the knights were ready and the lord of the castle said:

"Somebody must stay here to guard the gate. Sir Roland, you are the youngest; suppose you stay; and remember—don't let any one in."

Poor Sir Roland! I wonder if you can imagine how he felt. Why, he just felt as if he wanted to die! To think that he had to stay at home when he wanted to go more than anyone else. But he was a real knight, so he made no reply.

He even tried to smile as he stood at the gate and watched all the other knights ride away with their banners flying and their armor flashing in the sunshine and their red plumes waving in the wind. Oh, how he did want to go! He watched till they had galloped out of sight, and then he went back into the lonely castle.

II

After a long while, one of the knights came limping back from the battle.

"Oh, it's a dreadful fight," he said. "I think you

ought to go and help. I've been wounded; but I'll guard the gate while you go."

You see, he wasn't a brave knight and he was glad to get away from the battle. Sir Roland's face became all happy again, for he thought, "Here is my chance!" And he was just about to go; when, suddenly, he seemed to hear a voice, "You stay to guard the gate; and remember—don't let any one in." So instead of going, he said, "I can't let any one in, not even you. I must stay and guard the gate. Your place is at the battle."

That sounds easy to say, doesn't it? But it was very hard to do, when he wanted to go more than anything else in the world.

After the knight had gone, there was nothing for him to do but to wonder how the fight was going and to wish that he was right in the midst of it.

III

By and by, he saw a little bent old woman coming along the road. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you that all around the castle there was a moat—a sort of ditch, filled with water—and the only way to get to the castle was over a little narrow drawbridge that led to the gate. When the knights didn't want any one to come in, they could pull the bridge up against the wall.

Well, the little old woman came up and asked Sir Roland if she might come in to get something to eat. Sir Roland said, "Nobody may come in today; but I'll get you some food."

So he called one of the servants, and while she waited the old woman began to talk.

"My, there is a terrible fight in the forest," she said.

"How is it going?" Sir Roland asked.

"Badly for the knights," she replied. "It is a wonder to me that you are not out there fighting, instead of standing here doing nothing."

"I have to stay to guard the gate," said Sir Roland.

"Hm-m-m," said the old woman. "I guess you are one of those knights who don't like to fight. I guess you are glad of an excuse to stay home." And she laughed at him and made fun of him.

Sir Roland was so angry that he opened his lips to answer; and then he remembered that she was old. So he closed them again, and gave her the food. Then she went away.

Now, he wanted to go more than ever since he knew that the knights were losing the battle. It was pretty hard to be laughed at and called a coward! Oh, how he did want to go!

IV

Soon a queer little old man came up the road. He wore a long black cloak and he called out to Sir Roland, "My, what a lazy knight! Why aren't you at the fight? See, I have brought you a magic sword."

He pulled out from under his cloak the most wonderful sword you ever saw. It flashed like diamonds in the sun.

See I Have Brought You a Magic Sword

"If you take this to the fight you will win for your lord. Nothing can stand before it."

Sir Roland reached for it, and the little old man stepped on the drawbridge. Suddenly, the knight remembered, and said, "No!" so loudly that the old man stepped back. But still he called out, "Take it! It is the sword of all swords! It is for you!"

Sir Roland wanted it so badly that, for fear he might take it, he called the porters to pull up the drawbridge.

Then, as he watched from the gate, what do you think happened? It was the most wonderful thing you could imagine! The little old man began to grow and grow till he was one of the giants! Then Sir Roland knew that he had almost let one of the enemy into the castle.

V

For a while, everything was very quiet. Suddenly, he heard a sound, and soon he saw the knights riding toward the castle so happily that he knew that they had won. Soon they were inside, and were talking together about all the brave deeds they had done.

The lord of the castle sat down on his high seat in the main hall with all his knights around him. Sir Roland stepped up to give him the key of the gate. All at once, one of the knights cried, "The shield! Sir Roland's shield!"

And there, shining in the center, was a beautiful golden star. Sir Roland was holding his shield in front of him, so he could not see it. But the others

looked and wondered; and the lord of the castle asked, "What happened? Did the giants come? Did you fight any alone?"

"No," said Sir Roland. "Only one came, and soon he went away again."

Then he told all about the little old woman and the little old man, and the knights still wondered about the star. But the lord of the castle said, "Men make mistakes, but our shields never do. Sir Roland has fought and won the greatest battle of all today."

—*Raymond M. Alden—Adapted.*

QUESTIONS

It was much harder for Sir Roland to stay and guard the gate than it would have been for him to go to the fight, wasn't it?

How many times was he tempted?

What might have happened if he had not guarded the gate?

Which knight gained the greatest victory of all?

Over whom did he gain it?

Can you remember a time when you did the right thing even though you felt very much like doing something else?

MEMORY GEMS

He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.—*Bible.*

A strong heart may be ruined in fortune, but not in spirit.—*Victor Hugo.*

Be sure to put your feet in the right place; then stand firm.—*Lincoln.*

He that cannot control himself cannot control others.

THE PRINCE AND THE CRUMBS OF DOUGH

Once upon a time, so an old story says, a certain king was anxious that his son, the prince, should marry the most thrifty maiden to be found in his kingdom.

So he invited to the palace on a certain date all the young women of the country, for that was the custom when a new princess was to be chosen.

On every side were arranged long tables, at which each girl was given a place.

Upon the tables were the materials and bowls and pans needed in making bread. In the center of the room on a small platform sat the king and queen, the prince, and several courtiers.

When they had all taken their places, the king announced that there would be a contest in bread-mixing; and that a handsome prize would be given to the young woman who, in the judgment of the king and queen, made bread in the best way.

You can imagine how excited all the young women were, and how each one set about her task trembling with nervousness, yet in her secret heart hoping to win the prize.

You can imagine, too, how difficult it was to act as judge; for the king and queen knew that there must be several young women there who could make bread equally well.

Every once in a while, the king whispered to the queen, and the queen smiled and shook her head doubtfully, as if to say, "We shall have a hard task to judge with fairness."

In one corner of the room, working very quietly, was a very pretty young girl. She was so far away from the king and queen, who were a little near-sighted, that they had not observed her as carefully as they had some of the others. But when the prince leaned forward and spoke to them, they raised their hand glasses and turned their eyes in her direction, to watch her every motion.

"We will examine the loaves as soon as they are placed in the pans," announced the king presently; and soon he led the queen and the prince around the tables.

They came last to the place where the fair young girl was standing. The king and queen looked not only at the beautiful white loaves in the pans, but at the empty bowl in which the dough had been mixed. They looked at each other, and nodded and smiled; then at the prince, and nodded and smiled.

"What is your name, my dear?" asked the king, turning toward the table once more.

"Hildegarde," replied the maiden, blushing with shyness.

"Come with us," said the king and queen leading the way; and the prince bowed low before her.

"May I escort you, Miss Hildegarde?" he asked, offering his arm, on which she hesitated to place her hand, fearing lest the flour might mark his velvet coat.

Upon this, the prince drew her hand through his arm, and they followed the king and queen.

When they reached the platform, the king took Hildegarde's hand in his.

"We, the king and queen, judge that this young lady has won the prize because she has made bread in the best way," he announced. "All of you have made beautiful loaves; but Hildegarde is the only one who has *scraped all the dough from the bowl and paddle, wasting nothing.* Let the prince present the prize. Kneel, Hildegarde."

As the maiden knelt on the cushion at the feet of the

king and queen, the prince came forward and placed a sparkling diamond ring on her finger, and raised her to her feet.

"Will you accept it as a betrothal ring, and become my princess?" he whispered; and Hildegarde answered, "Yes."

"The prince goes with the prize," said the king; "for he wants to have for his princess the most thrifty maiden in the land."

All the young women were invited to the wedding of the prince and Hildegarde, and each received as a souvenir a beautiful little gold purse in the form of a loaf of bread.

QUESTIONS

Did the king and queen and prince need the crumbs of dough?

Then why do you think Hildegarde was chosen?

Why does it pay to save little things?

Do you know that the gold dust in the sweepings at the mint amounts to many dollars in a year?

Can you think of something you could save at your house?

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
  Of which the coming life is made;
And fill our future atmosphere
  With sunshine or with shade.

—*Whittier.*

THE TRAMP

I

"Oh, mother, I saw such a funny old tramp up the street," said Stella, as she came running into the house. "The boys were calling him names. 'Look at old red nose,' they called. He was so angry; you ought to have seen him shake his stick at them."

"That was very wrong—to make fun of an old man, even if he was a tramp," replied Mrs. Clark, looking serious.

"Yes, that is what I thought, mother. He seemed so poor and old. His clothes were shabby, his shoes were full of holes, and his hat was too big for him. He had such a bristly beard and such a red nose, and was so dirty!"

"Poor old man, one can not help feeling sorry for him," sighed Mrs. Clark.

"But what makes him so poor, mother?"

"It may be misfortune, my dear; but usually tramps will not work, nor will they stay in one place. They prefer to wander from place to place and beg for food. But come, dinner is ready."

Just as they were seated at the table, they heard a heavy step on the back porch; and a moment later there came a rap on the kitchen door.

The little girl went to open the door. In a moment, she came running back with a frightened look on her face.

"Quick, mother," she cried, "here is the tramp at our back door."

"Don't be frightened, dear. I'll go to the door," said Mrs. Clark.

"Please, ma'am, will you give me a bite to eat? I'm hungry. I haven't had anything to eat to-day," begged the tramp, touching his old battered hat.

Mrs. Clark was about to shut the door, but seeing the discouraged look in the tramp's face, she quickly changed her mind.

"Yes, I'll give you something," she said. "Sit down on the porch."

With a look of grateful relief, the tramp sank down on the step.

In a minute, Mrs. Clark brought him a big bowl of the warm soup she had prepared for dinner, and two thick slices of bread.

Clinging close to her mother, Stella watched the tramp devour the food greedily.

"My, he must have been hungry!" she thought.

II

After the tramp had eaten most of the food, Mrs. Clark asked, "Where is your home?"

"I have no home, lady."

"But where do you live?"

"Oh, anywhere I happen to be."

"Yes, but where do you sleep?"

"Sometimes in the station house; sometimes in barns; anywhere I can."

"Where are your friends?"

"I haven't any friends, lady, except kind-hearted people like you, who sometimes take pity on me and give me something to eat."

"What will become of you?"

"I don't know, lady; I don't know, and sometimes I don't care."

"I do not mean to be curious, but would you mind

telling me how you came to be in such a plight?" said the kind woman.

"It is a long story," said the tramp wearily. "I had a good home and was well brought up; but somehow I never seemed to prosper for long. I guess I was slack and careless; everything seemed to come so hard and go so easily. I worked on and off. When I got anything I ate it up, drank it up, or let it get away—didn't know how to save—and now I am old and have no home and nobody to respect me." A tear trickled down the old man's red nose.

Then he stood up and handed back the empty bowl. "But I must not bother you with my troubles," he said. "Thank you for the food and for speaking kindly to me." With that, he tipped his hat and hobbled off.

They watched him out of the window as he went down the street. Soon they saw a police officer come around the corner.

He stopped the tramp, spoke to him, and pointed up the road leading out of town.

"What did the officer tell him, mother?" asked the little girl.

"I think he told him to move on," replied Mrs. Clark sadly. "Come, dear, dinner will be cold."

A few days later, Aunt Anne came from the next town to visit the family.

Stella eagerly told her about the tramp.

"Why, that must be the poor old man the police found one morning in our park. He was lying on a bench, sick; he had completely given out," said Aunt Anne.

"What did they do with him?" asked Stella.

"They put him in the ambulance and took him off to the county poor farm."

"The poor farm?"

"Yes, that is where tramps and shiftless people generally land."

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed the little girl. "Aunty, I don't see why tramps don't work?"

"Neither do I," said Aunt Anne, shaking her head.

QUESTIONS

Why is it that no one respects a tramp?

Does a man who works hard often become a tramp?

Name some of the things a tramp wastes that he should save.

What must we do in order to have plenty to eat and wear, and to have a comfortable home to live in?

What must we do with part of the money we earn?

Does a tramp ever have a bank account?

Can a tramp be of help to others? Why not?

I have a gift to use,
  Entrusted to my care;
It's not a costly gift,
  And neither is it rare.

It must be used at once,
  So quickly tell me how—
You have it; I have it;
  Its name is—Right Now.

UNCLE SAM'S MONEY

I

There is one thing that Uncle Sam likes to do for his people himself, and that he forbids any one else to do under penalty of the law. He likes to make their money.

One of his first acts when setting up in business was to start a factory, the United States Mint, for the coining of money. There are several mints now, and in them is made all the money that circulates in the United States.

Uncle Sam makes five kinds of money: gold money, silver money, nickel money, copper money, and paper money; and places on each piece the United States stamp.

One peculiar thing about money is that you cannot eat it when hungry, drink it when thirsty, wear it for clothing, or build a house out of it. What kind of cake, or coat, or house would pennies or nickels or silver dollars make?

King Midas—in the story of the Golden Touch—found this out to his sorrow.

II

There is one thing, however, that money will do a little better than anything else; and it is because it will do this thing that Uncle Sam makes it.

Money enables us to buy food to eat, clothing to wear, and houses to live in. It is of little value in

itself, except as it enables us to purchase the things we need.

Just imagine what would happen if there were no such thing as money. Suppose you are working for a baker. At the end of each week, pay day comes; but there is no money, so the baker offers you three hundred loaves of bread for your week's work. These loaves of bread you would have to exchange for clothing or other needs. This would be a very troublesome thing to do.

To overcome this trouble, therefore, money was invented. Money represents labor or goods. You are paid for your labor or your goods, not in other labor or goods, but in money, which you can carry in your pocket or keep in the bank. And with this money you can buy whatever you need.

Money enables you to leave in the bakery the three hundred loaves of bread you earned, and to buy a loaf as you need it.

Money, then, takes the place of goods, because it can be exchanged for them. To lose or waste money is the same as losing or wasting the goods that money will buy.

A family would be considered foolish to throw enough money to buy a loaf of bread into the river. Yet what difference is there between this family and the one that wastes a loaf of bread, a slice at a time? To waste money or goods is just as bad as to throw them away.

THREE WAYS TO USE MONEY

When we earn money, there are just three ways in which we can use it rightly: save part, spend part, give part away. All three uses are very important.

Money saved should be put in the bank. There it grows by what you add to it from time to time. It also grows by the addition of the interest which the bank pays for the use of money. Money saved is always ready for a rainy day. People who save money always have money to spend.

The spending of money is quite as important as the saving of it. Money should be spent for food to nourish our bodies, for garments to clothe them, and for houses to protect them.

When buying by the pound, see that you get full weight; when buying by the yard or peck, see that you get full measure. The principal thing in buying is to get all that you pay for. In selling, the principal thing is to give full value for the money that you receive.

Money should also be spent for education. Money spent in educating the mind is money well spent. The great successes in life are made by boys and girls who go to school and learn all they can. Many stories could be told about children who have earned and saved money to go to school, and of parents who have sacrificed many pleasures and comforts to help their children gain an education.

To give money away wisely is quite as important as saving or spending it. Money should be saved, not only to spend, but to give away. Else what will you do when Christmas comes and when birthdays come?

Besides, there are the churches, hospitals, orphanages, the Red Cross, and many other good causes that need our gifts. We give our money to these, not with the idea of what we can get out of them, but for the pleasure of helping to make the world a pleasanter and better place in which to live.

QUESTIONS

Do you know that many people start in life without money, and by saving little sums become prosperous?

When you go to the library, will you ask for books that tell about successful men, and read about how each of them started in life?

Do you know anyone who has earned or saved money in order to go to school?

THRIFT DAY

I

"Spend, but do not waste;
Save, but do not be a miser."

February third has recently been set aside in many places as Thrift Day.

Thrift means wise management.

A thrifty person never wastes what could be saved by thoughtfulness.

A thrifty person is one who does not waste anything, but gets the full value of everything.

A thrifty person sets traps to catch the waste, and changes it into things worth having.

Those who know, say that American people are the most wasteful of all people in the world.

They tell us that we waste money, food, forests, time, energy, and thousands of the little daily supplies which we might save.

If we all save what we can, it will be a very large amount when added together.

It seems like a little thing to throw away one sheet of paper, doesn't it?

Suppose you count the number of sheets of paper in your writing pad at school. Let us say there are one hundred sheets, and that each pad costs the Board of Education five cents. If there are forty thousand children who waste one sheet of paper a day, the wasted sheets will amount to four hundred pads a day. At five cents a pad, four hundred pads will cost

twenty dollars a day. There are about two hundred school days a year. Multiply twenty dollars by two hundred and you will find that the wasted sheets would cost four thousand dollars in a school year!

You would never have imagined that, would you? See how much the school boys and girls can save for the taxpayers, and for the children who will come to school later. That is being thrifty.

If there were but ten thousand boxes of matches in our country, think how careful we would be not to waste one match. But few people think about so simple a matter. Yet matches are made from wood; and forests have to be cut down to make the matches we use.

Old rags and old rubber do not seem to be of any value; yet in every city there are men who grow rich by collecting them.

In some schools the children bring old newspapers on a certain day, and you would be surprised to learn how much money one school made in this way for new playground games. That was thrift.

It seems to be a very little thing to play or idle away an evening; yet it was in odd moments that some of our greatest men studied until they were well educated.

Abraham Lincoln never "lost sixty golden minutes somewhere between sunrise and sunset."

II

You all know the story of Benjamin Franklin—how he began life as a poor boy, and how by thrift,

he became later in life one of the most useful and wealthy citizens of America.

Benjamin Franklin learned great wisdom through his experiences, and he was anxious that other people might learn the same lessons; so he printed an almanac and put into it many wise sayings, which he hoped would be remembered.

He called his almanac "Poor Richard's Almanac." Here are a few of its wise sayings:

"For age and want, save while you may;
No morning sun lasts all the day."

"But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

"A small leak will sink a ship."

"Be ashamed to catch yourself idle."

"Always taking out of a meal-tub and never putting in soon comes to the bottom."

"One to-day is worth two to-morrows."

"Many a little makes a mickle."

"Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing."

"No pains, no gains."

QUESTIONS

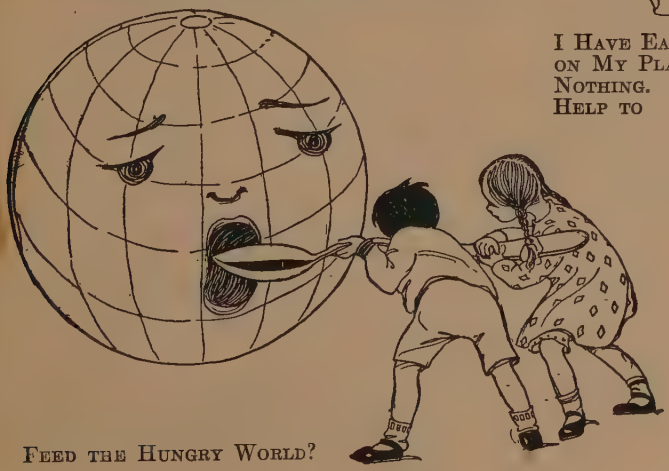
Can you think of some ways in which you can save your clothing?

Have you ever tried forming a Thrift Club in your class to see what and how much you can save?

What might you do with the money?

How Does the Keeping of a Garden Help in Feeding the Hungry World?

I Have Eaten Everything on My Plate and Wasted Nothing. How Does This Help to



Feed the Hungry World?

HOW RICHARD PLANTED A DOLLAR

I

When vacation time came, Richard went to visit his Uncle Dick on the farm.

He fed the chickens regularly, and he drove the cows and sheep to pasture. Indeed, he worked so hard and helped so much that his uncle promised to pay him.

So one day Uncle Dick handed him a silver dollar. Richard was delighted to think he had earned so much money. He put the dollar first into one pocket, then into another. This seemed to amuse Uncle Dick.

"What are you going to do with your money?" he asked.

"I don't know exactly," Richard replied. "What would you do with it, uncle?"

"I think that I should plant it," said Uncle Dick.

"Plant it!" exclaimed Richard. "Why, will it grow?"

"Yes," said Uncle Dick, "it will, if it is planted in the right place."

Just then some one called him away, and he forgot about Richard and his dollar.

But Richard did not forget. The next morning bright and early, he was out digging in the garden.

"What are you going to plant?" asked Uncle Dick when he saw him.

"My dollar," answered Richard, pulling the money proudly out of his pocket. Then seeing the smile in his uncle's face he added, "You know you said it would grow, uncle, if I planted it in the right place. Isn't this the right place?"

"Did you think I meant that pennies would grow on bushes?" said Uncle Dick. "I didn't mean that, boy. I'm going to drive over to Bernardsville after breakfast. If you will go with me, I will show you the right place to plant a dollar to make it grow."

Richard hurried with his breakfast because he was greatly excited by the thought of his ride.

As they drove toward the town, every now and then he put his hand in his pocket to see if his dollar was safe.

Finally, they reached Bernardsville, and Uncle Dick drew up before a large stone building. "This is a bank, a place where dollars grow," he explained. "Come inside with me and, if you wish, we will plant your dollar."

He led the way to a window over a high counter.

"How do you do, Mr. Cashier?" he said. "This young man is my nephew, and he wishes to plant a dollar so that it may start to grow. Will you please show him the right place to plant it?"

"Indeed I shall be glad to," said the man behind the window. "If your nephew will hand me his dollar, I will plant it for him."

Richard gravely pulled the money from his pocket and handed it through the window. The man gave him a card and asked him to write his name.

When Richard returned the card, Mr. Cashier took up a neat little book, wrote Richard's name on the cover and made a note inside the book, which said that Richard had one dollar in the bank. Then he gave him the book, together with a pretty nickel home-safe, such as savings banks keep for children who save pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, and, sometimes, even dollars.

"This is a home-savings bank," explained Mr. Cashier. "Your dollar which you handed through the window will grow in two ways. We will make it grow by paying you interest. You may make it grow by adding more money to it. You take this little

nickel safe, and put your pennies and other money into it; when you come again to our bank, bring it with you. See, here is the key I shall use for unlocking it. I will add what is in it to the dollar you already have."

"Don't we get the key?" asked Richard in a whisper, as other people came up to the window, and he and his uncle passed on.

"No," answered his uncle. "If we had it, we might be tempted to open the safe and use the money; then your dollar wouldn't grow."

"What did Mr. Cashier mean by saying, 'we will make your money grow?'" asked Richard when they were once more driving toward home.

"He meant that the bank people will pay you three cents for every dollar you let them use for a year."

"Isn't that fine!" exclaimed Richard. Then he opened the box that held his pretty home-safe.

"The next time we take this to bank," he said, "when I shake it, it will jingle."

"I believe it will!" said Uncle Dick laughing; "and I believe it will make your first dollar grow big."

And it did; for Richard worked hard and saved almost all of his money. When the cashier opened it with the key the next time Richard and Uncle Dick went to the bank, even he seemed surprised as he counted the money.

"Well, young man," he said, "I see you know one way to plant a dollar and make it grow."

HOW TO START A BANK ACCOUNT

I

EVERY BOY AND GIRL SHOULD HAVE A BANK ACCOUNT

The first dollar is the hardest to save, but not so hard as it seems.

If you save five cents a week you will have your first dollar in twenty weeks.

If you save ten cents a week you will have your first dollar in half the time, or in ten weeks.

If you are able to save twenty-five cents a week you will have your first dollar in one-fifth of the time, or in four weeks.

When you put this dollar in the savings bank you have started a bank account, which is something to be proud of.

If you save regularly it will not be long before you have another dollar to add to the one already in the bank.

Money is saved a little at a time.

A mile is walked one step at a time.

A house is built one brick at a time, one nail at a time.

If you save at the rate of five cents a week for a year, how much money will you have in the bank?

If at the rate of ten cents a week for a year, how much will you have?

If at the rate of twenty-five cents a week for a year, how much?

Money in the bank keeps on growing because the bank adds interest for the use of your money.

By and by, you will want a sum of money for some important thing. Then you will be glad that you have a bank account to help you.

Why not begin saving for it today?

II

INTEREST TABLES

These tables show how money grows when placed at simple interest.

AT THREE PER CENT

	$1	$2	$3	$4	$5	$6	$7	$8	$9	$10	$100	$1000
1 year.....	.03	.06	.09	.12	.15	.18	.21	.24	.27	.30	3.00	30.00
6 mos.....	.01	.03	.04	.06	.07	.09	.10	.12	.13	.15	1.50	15.00
3 mos.....	.00	.01	.02	.03	.03	.04	.05	.06	.06	.07	.75	7.50

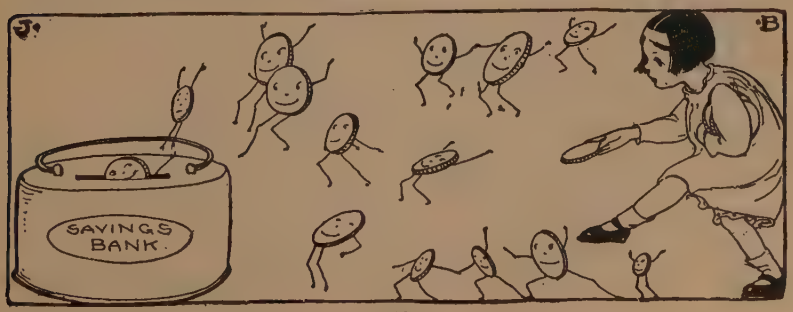
AT FIVE PER CENT

	$1	$2	$3	$4	$5	$6	$7	$8	$9	$10	$100	$1000
1 year.....	.05	.10	.15	.20	.25	.30	.25	.40	.45	.50	5.00	50.00
6 mos.....	.02	.05	.07	.10	.12	.15	.17	.20	.22	.25	2.50	25.00
3 mos.....	.01	.02	.03	.05	.06	.07	.08	.10	.11	.12	1.25	12.50

QUESTIONS

How much will $1.00 amount to in six months? In one year?

How much will $10.00 amount to in six months? In one year?



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

THE HARE (*talking to his neighbors*): Ho, ho, here comes that slow-poke, Mr. Tortoise! Look at him crawling along! Why, he doesn't move faster than a snail! I will wish him good day. (*He goes toward the tortoise.*) Good morning, Mr. Tortoise; you must be tired to travel so slowly!

THE TORTOISE: Good morning, neighbor. No, I am not tired, and I do move slowly; but if I keep on moving, I get where I am going.

THE HARE: Oh, you do, do you? Well, if I moved as slowly as you, I wouldn't try to get to many places, I am sure.

THE TORTOISE: Oh, I don't know about that. I guess if we started out for the same place, I would be there as soon as you.

THE HARE: What a joke! I'll take that up! Will you race me to the river?

THE TORTOISE: I will.

THE HARE: Are you in earnest! Come on; you will soon see my feet fly when you race with me.

THE TORTOISE: Very well! I will start right away. (*He goes slowly on.*)

THE HARE (*moving toward the neighbors*): Listen! Oh, such a joke! The tortoise is going to race with me to the river.

NEIGHBORS: Oh, what fun! Let us be the judges. We will run over to the river to mark a goal. (*They go.*)

THE HARE (*yawning*): If it isn't too funny to see the poor old tortoise jogging along. It will not take me ten minutes to get to the goal. I guess I will lie down and take a nap, for I am a little tired. (*He lies down, stretches himself out, and goes to sleep.*)

THE TORTOISE (*moving slowly*): Slow — and — steady—slow—and—steady. One, two, three, four. It is hard work to race, but I will keep on trying. I will keep on trying—just a little way at a time. Just—a—little—at—a—time.

* * * * * * *

THE HARE (*waking up and looking about him*): Why, I must have overslept! Dear me, I don't see the tortoise! Why, if that slow fellow should win the race, I should be the laughing-stock of all the neighbors. Maybe I should be written down in a fable! But pshaw! I shall overtake him just around the turn.

THE TORTOISE (*crossing the goal*): Slow—and—steady—slow—and—steady.

GROUP OF NEIGHBORS (*clapping their hands*): Slow and steady wins the race. You win, Mr. Perseverance.

THE HARE (*bounding over the goal just a minute too late*): Oh, if I had only kept on! If I only had not stopped for a nap! Did the tortoise win?

NEIGHBORS: Ha, ha, ha! just one minute too late! Mr. Tortoise wins!

(*The hare and the tortoise shake hands.*)

THE HARE: You have taught me two lessons, Mr. Tortoise—never give up trying; and, don't be too sure. I congratulate you upon winning the race.

THE TORTOISE: Thank you. Sometimes plodders do come out ahead.

NEIGHBORS: "Perseverance wins success."

QUESTIONS

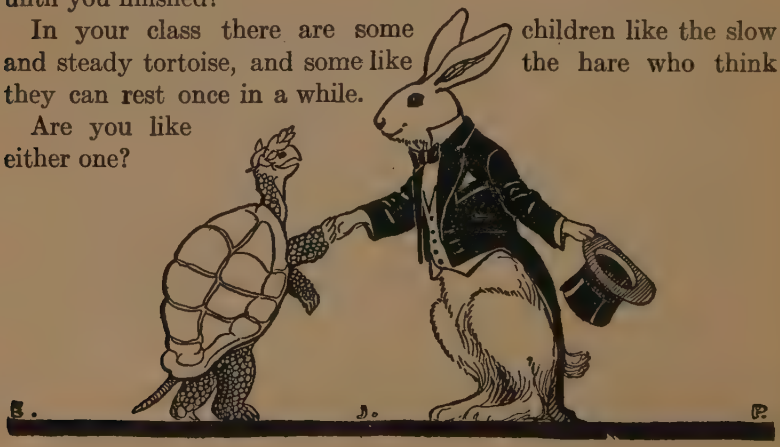
Why do you suppose the hare decided to take a little nap?

Was it easy for the tortoise to get to the goal?

Did you ever have something hard to do? Did you keep on until you finished?

In your class there are some children like the slow and steady tortoise, and some like the hare who think they can rest once in a while.

Are you like either one?



AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

I

Once upon a time there was a little girl, named Letty, who had a little crippled sister.

Letty loved her little sister very dearly and wished that she might be cured.

But her father and mother were so poor that they could not afford to send for the great doctor who could make their little girl well.

So, during the summer vacation Letty worked for a neighbor and saved all the money she earned. She hoped that if she kept every penny she would soon have enough to pay the doctor for curing her sister. But her little hoard grew very slowly, because, you see, she earned only fifteen cents a week.

One day there was a heavy thunder storm; and when the storm was over, a beautiful rainbow appeared in the sky. Letty stood on the neighbor's porch and watched the rainbow.

"I wonder what is at the end of the rainbow," she said to herself; but Mrs. Harrison—for that was the neighbor's name—overheard her.

"Why," she exclaimed, "don't you know? There is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. I have always heard that. If anyone takes it away, another pot of gold comes in its place. But no one is permitted to take more than one pot of gold."

Letty said nothing, but she began to think very hard. "If I could find that pot of gold," she thought, "I could use it to have my little sister cured."

And then and there Letty decided to do a very daring thing. So, early the next morning, just as soon as she could see, she got out of bed and went noiselessly downstairs. She packed a lunch and started out to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

She remembered quite well where the rainbow had seemed to end—in the forest half way up the distant mountain. In the bright morning sunlight, it appeared to be much nearer than it really was. She was sure she could find the way.

After she had walked a long time, however, she came to a place that she had never seen before.

It was a swampy, marshy meadow; and her feet sank deep into the miry mud as she splashed along.

"Oh, dear!" she thought. "I almost wish I hadn't come! I shall have to turn back!"

What Do You Suppose Made that Noise?

Then suddenly, she thought of the little lame sister who could not run and play.

"I will go on," Letty said; "I must!"

Just then, she saw in front of her a grassy little island, or hummock, quite large enough for her two feet. She managed to step on it; and—what do you think? She saw before her a whole row of hummocks all the way across the meadow!

"How nice that will be for any one else who looks for the end of the rainbow," thought little Letty, as she sat down on the last hummock to rest.

The next minute, she heard a loud Hiss-s-s!

What do you suppose made that noise? Yes, a big black snake.

My, but Letty was afraid of snakes!

There it lay, all coiled up, not five feet from her.

"Oh, dear!" she thought, shuddering. "Oh, I must run back! I cannot go on! Snakes are too dreadful!"

Then again she thought of her little sister.

"I must go on!" she whispered. "I cannot go back! I will run on with all my might."

So she ran on with all her might; and what do you think happened?

When she turned around to see if she was far enough away from the snake, she saw, instead of the big black snake, a little curly-haired dog where the snake had been!

He bounded up to her and barked Boof! Boof! in the friendliest kind of way.

"Dear little doggy!" exclaimed Letty, patting his head. "How do you do? I believe you must be hungry! So am I. Let us eat breakfast."

Boof! Boof! barked the little dog, as much as to say, "Thank you!"

"I haven't very much," said Letty, "but I will give you part of what I have. We must save some for our supper, you know."

III

They enjoyed their breakfast and started on again much refreshed.

Pretty soon they came to a place filled with thorny brambles. The brambles tore Letty's stockings and they scratched her legs and arms, and they hurt her so very much that at last it seemed as though she could go no farther.

"Oh, doggy," she said with tears in her eyes, "I do believe we shall have to go back!"

But once more came the thought of her little lame sister.

"We must go on!" she exclaimed. "I know what I can try! I will try to cut the briers with the knife in our lunch box."

And what do you think happened then? The little dog ran ahead, and the brambles opened into a pathway before them. When Letty looked back, she saw that they did not close again.

"I am so glad," she thought, "for it will be easy for other people who try to find the end of the rainbow, and it will be easy for us to come back, too."

After a while Letty and the little dog came to a deep dark river.

"Now," sobbed Letty, "now, I am afraid we shall

have to give up! Oh, dear! Must I go back without the pot of gold for my poor little sister?"

Then she saw a log near the water's edge.

"Oh, I know what I can do!" she whispered. "I can roll the log into the water and paddle my way across with my feet! Little doggy can swim across."

So she rolled the log into the water and sat upon it; and what do you think happened?

The little dog caught a branch of the log in his mouth and towed her safely to the other side!

And when she looked back, what else do you think had happened?

There was a narrow bridge across the river!

After Letty and the little dog had rested a while, they went on their way once more.

It was getting quite dark in the forest, and a heavy storm was gathering.

"Oh, little doggy, it is getting late," said Letty; "and it is going to rain. We must find shelter."

IV

Boof! barked the little dog, and ran to the mouth of a cave near by.

Letty was afraid to enter.

"It might be the den of a wolf!" she thought. "I wish I could see inside!"

"Come, little doggy," she said, "let's look in." They peered into the darkness and, suddenly, everything seemed light; for the little dog's eyes were so bright that they made the cave as light as a lamp would.

Letty had no sooner lain down on a pile of dry leaves in the corner of the cave than she heard the growl of a wild animal.

My, she was frightened! She and the little dog ran to the mouth of the cave, and they saw a big wolf not ten feet away.

And what do you think happened that time?

As soon as the little dog looked into the wolf's eyes with his own bright shining eyes the wolf was so scared that he ran away as fast as he could scamper.

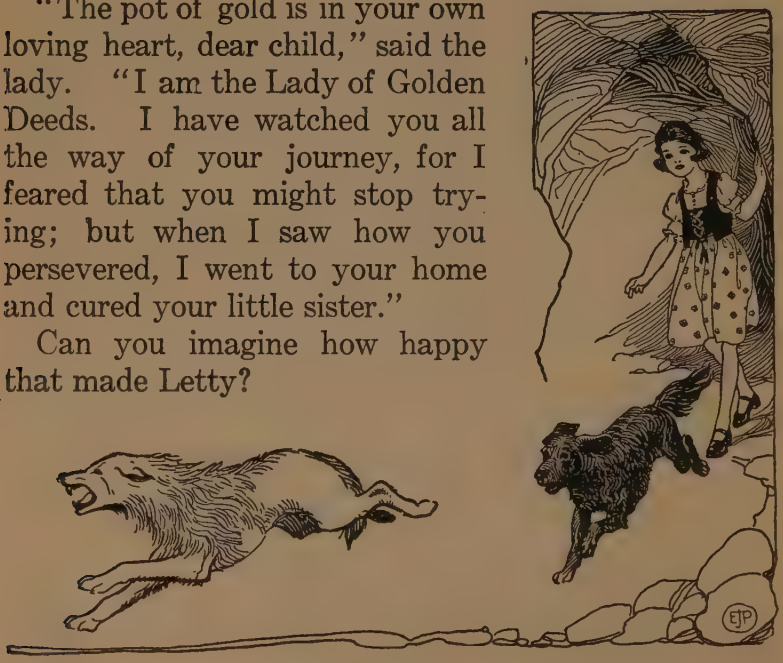
Then Letty and the little dog ate their supper and went to sleep.

Letty was dreaming of how lovely it would be to have her little sister play with her like other children, when she was awakened by a sweet voice. "Little Letty," it said, "you have found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow!"

Letty sat up. There before her stood a beautiful lady.

"The pot of gold is in your own loving heart, dear child," said the lady. "I am the Lady of Golden Deeds. I have watched you all the way of your journey, for I feared that you might stop trying; but when I saw how you persevered, I went to your home and cured your little sister."

Can you imagine how happy that made Letty?



She Was Awakened by a Sweet Voice

At first she could scarcely speak, but after a moment, "Oh, thank you! thank you!" she cried. "I want to go to her right away!"

"That you shall," said the lady. "Just sit on the back of your little dog and he will take you in five minutes."

Then she lifted Letty on the back of the little dog, who trotted and skipped out of the cave, through the woods, over the bridge, through the bramble patch, over the hummocks, and up the roadway to Letty's home. And there Letty saw her little sister skipping toward them! Jumping off the little dog's back, she ran to meet her.

"Where have you been?" cried her little sister, hugging and kissing her. "The most wonderful thing has happened! See, I can run and jump!"

"I know!" said Letty, laughing. "I know all about it, dear little sister. I've just come from the end of the rainbow!"

QUESTIONS

Little Letty had to be pretty brave to start out alone to find the end of the rainbow, didn't she?

Do you remember how many times she was discouraged?

Each trouble seemed harder than the last, didn't it?

How many people were helped because she didn't give up?

Can you remember some time when you had to try and try again?

Did you succeed at last? Tell about it.

MEMORY GEMS

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—*Longfellow.*

"I would if I could," though much it's in use,
Is but a mistaken and sluggish excuse;
And many a person who could if he would,
Is often heard saying, "I would if I could."

—*Selected.*

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.—*Emerson.*

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

A crow who with thirst was 'most ready to die,
Looking upward in vain for clouds in the sky,
In the road spied a pitcher. Said he, "Well, I think
Perhaps in that jug is a very nice drink."

And there was; but he found the water so low
His bill wouldn't reach, though he stood on tip-toe;
After stooping and straining and trying in vain,
He stopped to consider the matter again.

"Surely," said he, "it is better by far
To try my best to turn over that jar
Than to stand here in torture just dying of thirst—
If I don't get a drink I am sure I shall burst!"

His strength insufficient he found it, of course,
To turn the jar over by using his force.
Then wise Mr. Crow sat him down for to think;
"I'll *have* to do something to get me a drink!"

He suddenly started, exclaiming, "How queer
It took me so long—the solution's quite clear!"
Then wise Mr. Crow, in the jar, one by one,
Dropped stone after stone lying there in the sun.

Slowly the water rose brimmingly high,
And Mr. Crow drank till the pitcher was dry;
Then preening himself, before going to sleep,
He thought out some things which are surely quite deep.

Said wise Mr. Crow, "Truly never Intention,
But Need is the mother of every invention—
And now I have lived to tell the queer tale,
Perseverance will win where force often will fail."

MEMORY GEMS

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Emerson.*

My son, observe the postage stamp! Its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there.—*Josh Billings.*

My idea is this: ever onward. If God had intended that man should go backward, he would have given him an eye in the back of his head.—*Victor Hugo.*

Diving and finding no pearls in the sea,
Blame not the ocean: the fault is in thee.
—*Alice Cary.*

DRIVE THE NAIL ARIGHT

Drive the nail aright, boys;
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
Ere the time has fled.

Lessons you've to learn, boys;
Study with a will:
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky;
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try and try again, boys:
You'll succeed at last.

Always persevere, boys,
Though your task is hard;
Toil and happy trust, boys,
Bring their own reward.

Never give it up, boys,
Always say you'll try;
You will gain the top, boys,
Surely, by and by.

—*Selected.*

STORIES TEACHING KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

Of all the beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

—LONGFELLOW.

THE HORSE BORE HAMIDU ON AND ON

THE STORY OF AN ARABIAN HORSE

There lived once in Arabia a horse so noted for its great beauty that its fame spread throughout the country.

When the ruler of the country heard of this wonderful creature, he was filled with a desire to possess him; so he sent for Hamidu, the owner of the horse.

"I am told that you have the most beautiful horse in all Arabia," he said to Hamidu. "It is only fitting that he should belong to the ruler of this country, which is the home of the most perfect horses in all the world."

Poor Hamidu cast himself at the ruler's feet and spoke in trembling tones.

"Great ruler, he implored, "spare my horse to me. I love him better than my life. I raised him from a baby. Never a day has passed since he was born that I have not caressed him. He follows me about as would a dog. At night I sleep beside him. He would grieve so that he would die if we were separated; and so would Hamidu."

This speech angered the ruler greatly, and calling some of his soldiers, he ordered them to go with Hamidu to his home and return with the horse to the palace.

It was a two days' journey to Hamidu's home. When the horse saw his master coming, he broke his halter and ran to meet him with every sign of deep affection.

The ruler's soldiers admired the horse greatly, and bade Hamidu mount him and ride back to the palace with them.

When they stopped for the night they bound Hamidu, hands and feet, and laid him down on a hillock.

The horse they fastened securely to a tree. Then going to a spot a short distance away, they lay down to sleep.

Hamidu lay still and helpless, watching the bright stars as they blinked and twinkled overhead. He tried to loose the bonds that held his hands, but they were too strong for him.

"Alas," he thought, "not only shall I lose my beloved horse but also my life, I fear."

He could hear the heavy breathing of the sleeping soldiers. Everything else was quiet.

Suddenly, his ear caught the sound of gentle footsteps.

"I could almost believe it to be my beloved Beauty," he thought, "if that were not impossible."

But it was Beauty, whose soft nose came feeling over Hamidu! and it was Beauty's teeth which grasped his girdle and lifted him from the ground.

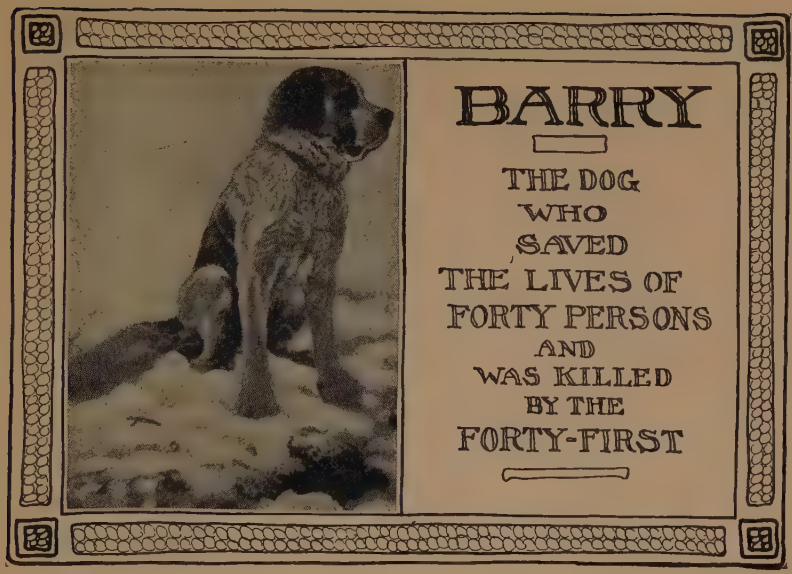
Swift as a deer, the horse bore Hamidu on and on back to his home.

There a friend loosed his bonds and gave him and the horse food and drink.

Then Hamidu mounted Beauty and rode away, away, away into the distant hills of another country. And never did the ruler's men find either Hamidu or the horse that gnawed loose his own fetters and saved his master's life.

QUESTIONS

Have you ever seen a picture of an Arabian horse?
Are they large?
Why did the horse love his master so much?



THE STORY OF BARRY

The Great St. Bernard is a famous mountain pass which crosses over the Alps from Switzerland into Italy.

Away up on the highest point of the pass there stands a lonely dwelling place. It is the hospice of St. Bernard.

A hospice, you must know, is a refuge for travelers on some difficult road.

The hospice of St. Bernard is kept by a company of monks, who live the year round shut in by lofty mountains covered with snow.

In the winter season the good monks lead a very busy life, for then it is that they go forth to seek and

rescue travelers who have lost their way in the terrible mountain snow storms.

Every year many lives are saved through their efforts.

I said that many lives are saved through the efforts of the good monks, but they would tell you that but few lives would be saved were it not for the help of their great noble dogs.

These dogs are specially trained to accompany the monks, or are sent out alone to search for people in danger.

You have heard of St. Bernard dogs, haven't you?

Barry was one of these dogs—a big, intelligent St. Bernard. He was so big and so intelligent that he was often sent out alone on some errand of mercy. Up to the time of this story Barry had saved forty lives.

One day, in a blinding snow storm, two travelers, who had lost their way, were struggling to reach the hospice.

It was frightfully cold, and their strength was almost spent. At length, one of the men took out his brandy flask.

The other, knowing the great risk his companion ran, begged him not to drink, and urged him to put forth one more effort.

But the man would not listen. He continued to drink heavily and soon fell exhausted in the snow.

His friend struggled on, and at last reached the hospice, where he told the story of his lost fellow traveler.

At once the monks called Barry and sent him forth to find the man.

Through the heavy storm the great dog made his way to where the traveler lay unconscious in the snow.

Barry pulled and pushed and tugged, and at last aroused him from his drunken stupor.

The man, dazed by cold and drink, thought that a wild beast had fallen upon him.

With his little remaining strength, he drew his knife from his pocket and plunged it into Barry's neck.

But the faithful dog, undaunted, kept at his task. Too late, the traveler realized that he had been found by one of the St. Bernard dogs which had been sent to rescue him.

He struggled to his feet. Half leaning on the dog, whose blood stained every step of the way, he reached the door of the hospice.

On its threshold Barry fell exhausted. He had given his life in fidelity to the trust reposed in him.

* * * * * * *

Barry's beautiful body was buried in a large cemetery in Paris; and over it was placed a handsome monument. On the monument, in French, are these words:

"He saved the lives of forty persons; he was killed by the forty-first."

QUESTIONS

Did you ever stop to think that in the great animal kingdom, with its thousands of creatures, just one, the dog, has left its kind and attached itself to man?

More than that, have you realized that the dog has accepted man as a master, a being to serve, to love, to caress, to suffer for, and, if need be, to perish for?

So whether this dog of yours is big or little, fat or lean; whether he looks like a majestic lion, or has a pug nose and curly tail—be kind to him—be just to him, and to every other dog.

Doesn't a dog when he buries his bone against a rainy day show more intelligence than some people?

Did you ever think that a dog's life is what his master makes it?

Do you realize that many other dogs would be just as noble and brave as Barry, if they were trained, or had a chance to show their bravery?

BANDS OF MERCY

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures, and will try to protect them from cruel usage."

This is the simple pledge taken by the more than three million members of the many Bands of Mercy in the United States.

The object of the Band of Mercy is to awaken in the hearts of children a feeling of kindness toward everything that lives.

The members promise to do all they can to relieve the suffering around them, and to speak for the dumb animals that cannot speak for themselves.

There are no dues. The members choose their own name and elect their own officers.*

Mr. George T. Angell, who was a great lover of animals, formed the first American Bands of Mercy in 1882. Mr. Angell lived to be eighty-six years old, and spent almost the whole of his long life in working for the kind treatment of every living creature.

*For further information, see Outline of Work.

Well, the fact is that horses and dogs do not have any money. They are poorer than the poorest boy or girl here today. No matter how hard they work, they cannot buy an apple or a stick of candy, or even a lump of sugar; and so, because they have no money, I have been in the habit for a good many years of talking for them.

Ever since I was a boy, I have been very fond of dumb animals. As a lad, I hardly ever went by a kind, good-looking horse or dog without stopping to have a talk with him.

Boys who are taught to feed birds, and to pat the horses, and to speak kindly to all lower creatures become a good deal better fellows.

One English school makes its boast that out of the seven thousand boys whom it has sent out, all carefully taught to be kind to animals, not one has ever been proved guilty of any crime. Through an inquiry made a few years ago, it was found that only twelve out of two thousand convicts in our prisons had ever had a pet animal in their childhood.

Daniel Webster, the great American statesman, loved cattle. When at Marshfield, knowing that he was about to die, he requested that all his cattle should be driven to his window that he might see them for the last time; and as they came past his window one by one he called each by name.

Walter von der Vogelweide, a great lyric poet of the

Middle Ages, so loved birds that he gave by his will a large sum of money to the monks of Wurzburg, on condition that they should feed the birds every day on the tombstone over his grave.

And so with our modern great men. We find President Lincoln protecting the little wild birds and their nests. We find President Garfield taking a poor half-starved, half-frozen dog from the streets of Washington to his comfortable home.

General Porter says that he never saw General Grant really angry but twice in his life—and one of those times was when he saw an army teamster beating a poor horse. He ordered the teamster to be tied up and severely punished.

The great Duke of Wellington, who won the battle of Waterloo, was so kind to the lower creatures that he ordered that special protection be given a toad in his garden.

It may be worth a thousand dollars to you some day, if you remember what I am now going to tell you.

It is this: if the time ever comes when you feel as though you hadn't a friend in the world and wish that you were dead, go and get some pet that you can talk to and love and care for—if it is only a little bird. You will be astonished to find the relief and happiness it will bring into your life.

—George T. Angell—Adapted.

Blessed are the merciful:
For they shall obtain mercy.—*Bible.*

NELLIE'S DOG

I

He was a lonely looking little beggar with a wistful look in his eyes. Shaggy-haired, with a limp in one leg, and the scars of many stones on his small body, he was a miserable looking dog as he trotted down the dusty road. His tongue lolled out and his sides heaved from panting.

But his rough looks hid a heart of gold. Any one could see that by looking into his eyes, which were pleading and trustful.

But no one looked into his eyes; they looked only at his shaggy coat and rough appearance, then shouted and threw stones and clubs at him. The stones hurt cruelly, and it was a club that put the limp in his leg, for he was a stray dog and unwelcome everywhere.

He was hungry for some one to love, to live for. His eyes told that every time he met a stranger, or when, with drooping tail and with fawning side-steps, he presented himself at some new farmhouse.

But rebuffs and kicks had brought a faint light of distrust and caution to his eyes, and he began to crawl into the weeds along the roadside when he saw any one approaching; and when he came to a farmhouse he would stop at the gate, ready to run at the first hostile move.

Sometimes people set well-fed home dogs on him. When these were his size, or smaller, he would back away with teeth half-bared defensively. He made no move to fight. It was not in his nature to fight unless

he had some one to defend. When the dogs were larger than himself, he would run as well as the limp in his leg would allow.

Twice he had been overtaken by dogs—huge, fierce fellows that mauled him without mercy, while their owners encouraged them. But always they had allowed

the little dog to go with his life. Even dogs have codes of honor.

It was just at sunset one evening when he limped into the yard where little Nellie was playing. He gazed into her eyes with a pleading, homesick look, and she smiled. Then she threw her arms around his neck and caressed him tenderly. He fawned on her in a very ecstasy of joy, and his scarred, thin little

body wagged from end to end. And so the pact was sealed. He was Nellie's dog and she was his mistress.

There was just a trace of Airedale blood in his veins, and an Airedale dog always selects some one person as the idol of his undying love and faithfulness. Nellie was to him the one person in the world.

II

Nellie's father was a big man, and abrupt. He became excited when he saw her playing with the little dog, and dragged her away. He declared that she might have been bitten by the cur.

In spite of the little girl's protests, he kicked the dog from the yard and stoned him, sending him, a whimpering, heart-broken little piece of misery, limping down the road.

Nellie cried and declared that she had always wanted a doggy and that no doggy but the little stray dog would do. But her father was firm; he would have no stray dogs about the place; there was no telling what the dog was, or had been—he might be dangerous; for the father had not looked into the little dog's eyes as had Nellie.

One day Nellie was taken sick. A raging fever colored her face and sent her pulses bounding. For many anxious hours her tearful father watched by her bedside. Then Nellie began calling for her "doggy."

The doctor, who was already grave, became graver. He told the father that if Nellie's doggy was not found he feared that she might not get better.

A great pain came to the father's heart, and his face

THEN SHE LAY BACK ON HER PILLOW

twitched in misery. He would have given all he possessed to have back the little stray cur to save her—the little dog that he had stoned and sent whimpering down the road.

Evening came. The doctor, who had been holding little Nellie's wrist in his hand, laid it very gently on the bed, a misty look in his eyes.

Suddenly he turned toward the door. There, just within the threshold, with drooping tail and a loving, pleading look fastened on the little figure in the bed, stood a stray dog.

The doctor looked into the little dog's eyes, and understood. He knew it was Nellie's doggy. Swiftly he caught the dog up in his arms and placed him on the bed.

With a glad cry little Nellie half-raised herself from her pillow, as her hands found the dog's shaggy hair and felt the warm touch of his tongue. Then she lay back on her pillow, a new color in her cheeks and a new light in her eyes. She breathed easily and sighed contentedly. The doctor smiled tenderly and her father cried tears of joy.

The little dog curled himself against Nellie and licked her hand lovingly, for of all the people in the world she alone was his mistress, and neither kicks nor stones could keep him away.—*Robert E. Hewes.*

There is joy in caring
For helpless little things.

WHO SAID RATS?

If every rat costs the public one dollar per year, what do you suppose a kitten is worth?

Cats are nature's destroyers of rats. Rats devour much good food and carry dreadful diseases.

No trap or poison bait can do pussy's work, because rats are very wise and cunning, and after a few are caught they avoid coming near a trap. As for poisons, it isn't very pleasant to have a poisoned rat die in or near a house.

Rats have very large families and become great-grandfathers in a short time; so you see the cats have plenty of work.

It is foolish to think, though, that cats can live upon mice and rats. They need other food, and the better fed cats are generally the best "mousers."

Cats are kept in large postoffices to protect the mail from the rats and mice. They are so valuable for this purpose that Uncle Sam sets money aside to be used in feeding them.

In a large city in China there is a law which says that in every house one or more cats must be kept; for there the rats carry a dreadful disease or plague, and the cats kill the rats.—*H. H. Jacobs.*

The idea that cats should be poorly fed, in order that they may be good mousers and ratters, is a very cruel and ignorant one. A cat catches rats and mice because instinct tells him to do so, and he will do his work better if strong and well fed.—*Mary Craige Yarrow.*

A BRAVE MOTHER

At the burning of an apartment house in Kansas City, early one morning, the firemen and onlookers were astonished to see a cat leap in at the door, though she must pass through fire and water to enter.

Some one called out, "Look at that cat—she must have gone crazy."

While they watched she returned, bringing a kitten held up as high as she could lift it by throwing back her head.

She hurried through the crowd, and after a few moments again appeared, and dashed once more into the flames. Soon the brave creature came back with another kitten in her mouth. By this time the people were watching to see what she would do next, for she was giving a wonderful exhibition of mother love.

When she tried to enter once more there were many cries of "Stop her—don't let her go in—it's sure death!" But she would not be stopped; she slipped through the crowd and went in again.

The firemen turned their attention now almost wholly to the part of the building where she was; but the walls fell, and the noble little self-forgetting mother was buried beneath them.

A search was made for her kittens; they were found in a place of safety. There were four of them.

The janitor of the building remembered that there had been five. How well the mother cat knew the number! and how bravely she had saved them—all but one! Do you suppose she was with it, to cover it and guard it to the last moment?

The motherless kittens were taken to the central fire station and tenderly cared for. The firemen had been very eager to own an Angora kitten; but when one was offered to them, they decided not to take it.

"It might put these little chaps out if we brought in another cat," they said; "and we feel that we ought to take care of them—for their mother's sake, you know."

The little mother had been lifted up to a place of honor with these men, who knew so well how to value true courage.—*H. H. Jacobs.*

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

—*Shakespeare.*

QUESTIONS

Is the cat ever a brave animal?

Do animals know when people are kind? How can you be kind to cats?

Have cats any value?

How does it help birds for you to feed cats?

If you cannot find a home for a stray cat, what should you do?

Do you know where the S. P. C. A. office is?

If you were a cat would you like to be left to starve when the family moved away?

How do you suppose a mother who loses all her children feels?

How do you suppose a mother dog who loses all her puppies feels? A mother cat who loses all her kittens?

Wouldn't it be better to keep one?

Oh, how dare we ask a just God to bestow
The mercy we grant not to creatures below!

ABOUT THOREAU

Henry D. Thoreau, a famous man who lived for some time in a little cabin in the woods near Concord, Massachusetts, was noted for his kindness to all God's harmless creatures.

It is said that even the fishes came into his hand when he dipped it into the stream.

The little mice would come and playfully eat from his fingers, and the very moles paid him friendly visits.

Sparrows alighted on his shoulders when he called them; phœbe birds built their nests in his shed; and the wild partridge with her brood, came and fed quietly beneath his window, as he sat and looked at them.

After he had been two or three months in the woods the wild birds ceased to be afraid of him, and would come and perch on his shoulder, and sometimes on his spade when he was digging.—*George T. Angell.*

FAIR PLAY FOR OUR WILD ANIMALS

Did you ever see a buffalo in the park?

Do you know that there are only a few of them in this country because years ago people hunted them for sport, and killed them by thousands?

Do you know that there is danger that the wild duck, reindeer, and mountain sheep will disappear in the same way?

Do you think it is a fair game to hunt animals with a gun? Can they take their part?

Don't you think that boys and girls who live a hundred years from now will be glad if we all try to protect our wild animals?

Will you bring some of your favorite pictures of animals to school?

"Three balls for five cents, Mister. Have a shot at the monk."

Young Mr. Williams wondered what the man meant as he held out three hard balls painted in bright colors. Mr. Williams had gone to Woodlyn Park with his little niece and nephew for an afternoon of pleasure.

"Oh, look, uncle!" cried the little boy; "don't you see the monkey? There! see his face through the hole in that sheet? The men throw the balls at him."

Mr. Williams did, indeed, see Pedro's poor little scared face. Just as he caught sight of it, bang! a man threw a ball that hit the monkey on the head.

"Oh, I am afraid they will kill the poor little monkey," cried the little girl. "Can't we make them stop, uncle?"

"There isn't much use in talking to these men," said Mr. Williams. "The best thing to do is to notify the 'cruelty lady.' We will do that as soon as we get home; shall we?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," cried the children. "Let us go right away."

The "cruelty lady" started immediately for the park. When she saw how the little monkey was being abused, she had the two men who owned him arrested. Although they were very angry, she was not afraid of them.

The poor monkey was taken away from his cruel masters and carried to the home of a good woman, who cared for the sick little animal.

For days Pedro lay exhausted in the nice soft bed she made for him.

She bathed the many, many bruises on his poor little body, and fed him good wholesome food.

In about ten days, Pedro began to feel better, and showed how much he appreciated the kindness of his new mistress by following her everywhere he could.

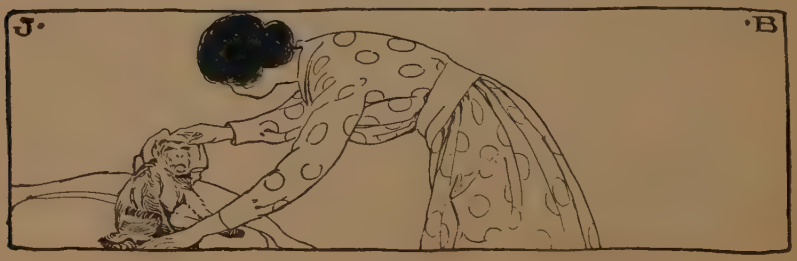
He got into mischief, too, by trying to do everything he saw people do. One day, when his mistress had stepped out into the garden, he turned the key on the inside of the door, and locked her out.

It was a good thing that one of the second-story windows was open, so that a young man could climb up and get inside and unlock the door.

The last time I heard of Pedro, he was living happily with other monkeys in the Zoological Garden.

Let us speak for those
That cannot speak for themselves.

Even the smallest kind act is never lost. It isn't always the size of the good deed that counts.



WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO

They can speak pleasantly to boys or men who are whipping their horses and ask them to stop.

They can ask men and boys to blanket their horses in cold weather, to put them in the shade in warm weather, and to loosen the tight check rein.

They can keep fresh water where their own horses, dogs, cats, and hens can get it, not once, but at any time during the day or night.

They can feed their dog or cat morning and night, remembering that all animals and fowls have as good appetites and suffer as much when hungry and thirsty as boys and girls do.

They can see that all their animals are made comfortable at night and never turned out in the cold.

They can feed homeless dogs and cats and try to find shelter for them. They can be careful never to lose a pet animal, or to leave one behind if they move away, unless they have arranged for some one to take care of it.

Every kind act that children do, not only makes the world better, but helps to make them better and happier men and women.—*Animal Rescue League of Boston.*

A HORSE'S PETITION TO HIS DRIVER

Up the hill whip me not,
Down the hill hurry me not,
In the stable forget me not,
Of hay and grain rob me not,
Of clean water stint me not,
With sponge and brush neglect me not,
Of soft, dry bed deprive me not,
When sick or cold chill me not,
With bit or rein jerk me not,
And, when angry, strike me not.

—*Selected.*

THE HORSE'S POINT OF VIEW

If a horse could talk, he would have many things to say, especially when winter comes.

He would tell his driver how a frosty bit stings and sears his lips and tongue when it is thrust into his mouth without first being warmed.

He would tell how it feels to have nothing but ice-cold water to drink, when he is already shivering from the cold.

He would tell of the bitter winds that frost his sides when he halts, steaming from exertion, and is tied for hours in an exposed place without a blanket.

He would talk of slippery streets, and the fear of falling on cruel city paving-stones. He would tell of the bruised knees and wrenched joints, the tightened straps and the pain of the driver's lash, and the horrible fright of it all.

Yes, the horse would say a good many things if he

had the power of speech. And having horse-sense, he would urge his driver to "play fair," not merely for the sake of kindness, but for the sake of keeping a faithful servant in good condition.

—The American Humane Education Society.

MEMORY GEM

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the helpless and the weak;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—Lowell.

Sketched from the seal of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

A MAN WHO KNEW HOW

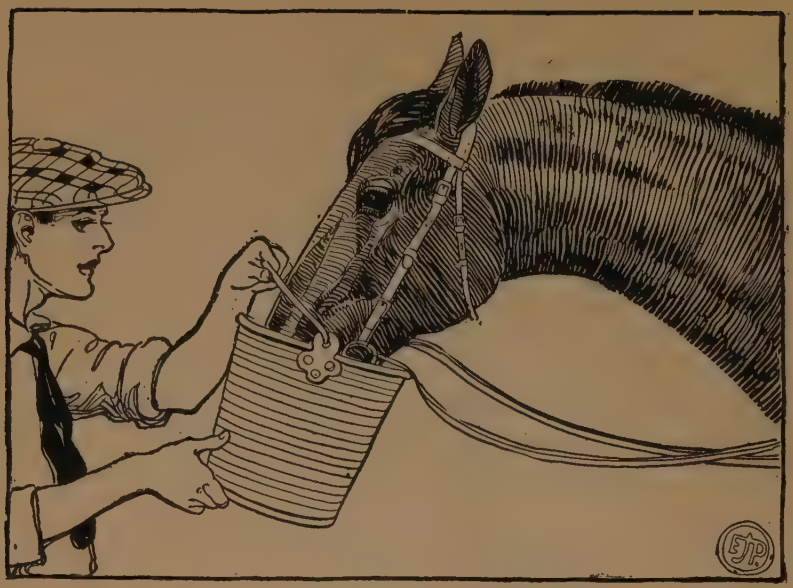
There was a big team, a mighty load, and a long hill, and we watched to see what the driver would do.

He was brawny and strong, and he had a kind face. He did not use the whip. He talked to his horses in a friendly way. He said: "Come on, Jim," and "Hi, there, Bill," and when he reached a steep place he jumped off the load and walked. Once he put on the brake and gave the panting animals a much-needed rest. At the top of the hill he patted the noses of his faithful friends, allowed them to breathe a bit, and then the big load moved along as easily as you please.—*Selected.*

HOW TO TREAT A HORSE

The only charm I use, boys, is the Golden Rule. Treat a horse as you would like to be treated yourself. There is never any need for any one to beat or abuse a horse, for there is no creature living more faithful and loving, if you are only kind and patient with him. Teach him to love and have confidence in you, and give him time to find out what you want, then he will serve you not only willingly but gladly and proudly. The best charm any man can use with a horse is kindness. Be kind, gentle, and considerate, and you will soon win his confidence and can do anything you like with him.

—*Uncle Dan.*



THE HORSE'S PRAYER

To you, My Master, I offer my prayer: Feed, water, and care for me, and, when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean, dry bed, and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as do the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you.

Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat, or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you.

Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or my feet.

Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders, so that I cannot see behind me as it was intended that I should, I pray you be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.

Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod.

Examine my teeth when I do not eat; I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful.

Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

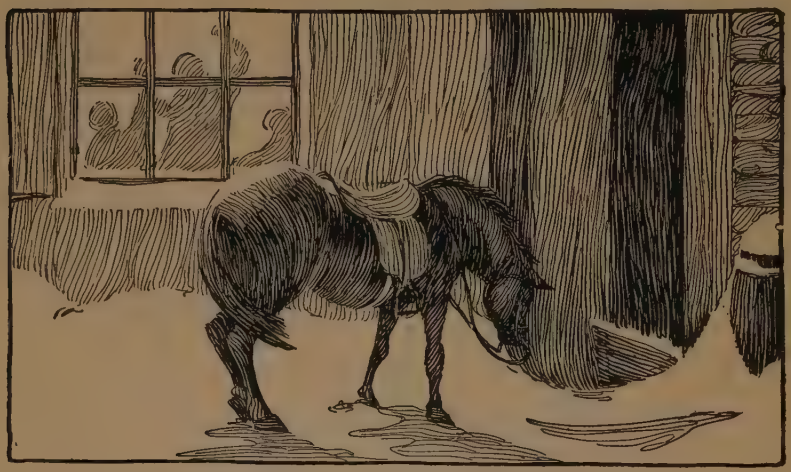
I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean cool water often. I cannot tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition.

Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I am working, but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frosty bit in my mouth; first warm it by holding it a moment in your hands.

I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you during long hours of the day and night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path, I sometimes fall on the hard pavements, and I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

And finally, O My Master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell

me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter. Amen.—*Issued by the Ohio Humane Society.*



SUPPOSE THIS HORSE TAKES COLD AND SUFFERS AND DIES—WHO IS TO BLAME?

QUESTIONS

I

What animal has been one of mankind's most faithful servants and one of his very best friends?

Can you explain the difference between the work horse, the saddle horse, the race horse, the fire horse?

Should we have as fine a city if there had never been any horses?

Can you think of some ways of repaying horses for the work they do for us?

When you grow old, how do you want to be treated, especially if you have worked hard all your life?

How do you think old horses should be treated?

Did you ever have a hard fall on the ice?

How did you walk afterward?

Could you have walked carefully if you had been going down hill holding back a heavy load?

How can we help horses in slippery weather?

How can we help them up when they fall?

Why is it harder to *start* to move a load than it is to keep it moving after it is started?

Do you know that many horses are made blind by being overdriven?

Tell a story showing how intelligent horses are.

Have you ever seen the non-slip chains which drivers can put on horses' feet to keep them from slipping?

Have you ever read "Black Beauty," or "Beautiful Joe," or "Our Goldmine at Hollyhurst," or "The Strike at Shane's"?

II

What are the names of some of the great societies founded to protect animals?

How can children help in such work?

Do children who are kind to animals turn out better than those who are cruel to them? Why?

If you had your choice as to what animal you would be, would you choose to be a horse?

Does it make any difference to you whether any one else is cold and hungry and tired and suffering? Whether an animal is suffering?

Will you tell your teacher the next time you help some animal?

Tell some of the things you think a horse would say if he could talk. A dog. A cat. A monkey. A bird.

Where does a horse get his strength? Should he not be well fed?

Children should never feel that their hands are too small and weak to help toward making the world a happier place for all to live in, for the world needs their work quite as much as it does that of the older people.—*M. C. Yarrow.*

BIRDS AS THE FRIENDS OF PLANTS

I

"Just listen, Mary Frances!" said Billy, pulling a paper out of his pocket.

"'One robin has been known to feed his family five yards of worms a day.

"'A chickadee will dispose of 5,500 eggs of the canker-worm moth in one day.

"'A flicker eats no less than 9,000 ants a day.

"'A pair of wrens have been seen to carry one hundred insects to their young in an hour. They are especially fond of plant-lice and cutworms.

"'Little humming-birds lick plant-lice off foliage with lightning rapidity.

" 'The yellow-billed cuckoo eats hundreds of tent caterpillars in a day.

" 'Seed-eating birds destroy millions of seeds of troublesome weeds—actually eating hundreds of tons of seeds.

"How do people know what the different birds eat?" asked Mary Frances. "Did some one watch to see what each different bird took for a meal?"

"No;" Billy referred to his clipping. "Scientists have examined the contents of the stomachs of the birds, and have learned what food each kind of bird uses. There was a time when people imagined that robins stole so many cherries and berries that it was a good deed to kill them. Now they have found that they destroy so many injurious insects that they do not begrudge them a few cherries. Besides, if mulberry trees are planted nearby they will prefer their fruit to the cherries."

"Oh, Billy," cried Mary Frances, "isn't it wonderful! Not only do birds help us by destroying harmful insects and seeds, but they help us by their beauty. I believe they are the most beautiful of living things! They could have helped us just as much and have been as ugly as—cutworms."

"Yes," replied Billy, "I believe that is so; but it takes a girl to think such things out. The strangest thing to me, however, is that without birds we should die of starvation. This paper says that if the birds disappeared entirely, agriculture and farming would be impossible within a few years."

"Bees and birds," said Mary Frances softly, "keep us from starving. How wonderful it all seems. Why, Billy, it must have all been planned out when God made the world!"

"I have thought of that myself, Mary Frances," said Billy; "it's one of those thoughts a fellow doesn't often speak out loud. I don't know why."

"Everybody ought to take care of birds," went on Mary Frances. "Surely the reason they don't is because they do not understand how wonderfully they help us. Birds and bees keep us from starving. Oh, Billy, let's have lots of birds in our garden!"

"Why, how?" asked Billy. "Perhaps we could put food out for them."

"Yes, but I wasn't thinking of that. I thought maybe we could put houses where they would build their nests."

"Of course," replied Billy; "and we could keep a small bathtub full of water for them."

"What fun!" cried Mary Frances. "Billy, do you know how to build the right kind of houses for each different kind of bird?"

"No, I do not," answered Billy; "I know of only a few. They are the ones our manual training teacher showed us. I have some pictures right here in my book. It's queer I didn't think of them!"

"Let me see them," cried Mary Frances. "Oh, will you make some later on?"

"I am to make them in school next term," explained Billy. "Let me show you these pictures."

A Robin's Sleeping Porch

Robin Redbreast will not live in an enclosed house, but desires merely a shelter where the family can have plenty of fresh air.

"I believe in living out-of-doors," says Mrs. Robin Redbreast, "and I shall not keep my children indoors, no matter how sanitary the house may be. They shall be educated in the open air. There is as much to be learned outdoors as indoors."

A Bungalow for Wrens

Jenny Wren and her husband like a little perch to rest upon before entering their home. In order to keep the English sparrow from being inquisitive and troublesome, make the entrance only one inch across so that Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow cannot enter.

"Sparrows are not a bit nice neighbors," fusses gentle Jenny Wren. "They pick a quarrel over nothing, then peck our family to pieces if they can."

The Martins' Hotel

Do not charge Mr. and Mrs. Martin for lodgings. Instead, be thankful that they bring their friends and relatives with them, for martins come in companies and love to linger where invited. They destroy millions of insects.

The Bluebird's Cottage

These heavenly bluebirds, with pinkish plumage on their breasts, add great beauty to our home

gardens; and fortunate is the owner of the bird house which they select "rent free." They are terribly afraid of English sparrows, or more of them would live in the houses around about the home garden. Bluebirds eat up whole families of garden pests at a meal.—*From The Mary Frances Garden Book.*

QUESTIONS

Have you ever built a bird house?

Do you know that if you place a basin upside down on the post before putting the house on, cats cannot climb over it?

Will you keep an account of the birds you see every day?

Why are birds necessary to man?

Name some of the most useful birds?

How can we help birds?

Why is it not right to cage wild birds?

Why do many birds fly south in the fall?

Will you bring some pictures of birds to put on a chart?

If you build a bird house, will you bring it for the class to see?

The birds of one of our large cities are being provided with homes by the pupils of the city's public schools. These homes are bird houses, made by the children in the manual training classes.

The president of the city's Humane Society offers a prize every spring to the child who first has a bird tenant in the houses newly set out. The prize is a book about birds and their habits.

You can imagine how eagerly the boys and girls watch the houses to be sure of noting the exact time when a bird family moves in.—*National Humane Journal.*

ANDROCLUS AND THE LION

I

Many years ago there lived in the city of Rome a rich man who owned a great number of slaves.

One slave, named Androclus, grew very weary of the hard work he was forced to do, and upon a dark night ran away from his home.

At first he did not know where to go, but ran blindly through the streets until at length, when almost breathless, he found himself outside of the city.

There he could travel more slowly; but he must, nevertheless, go steadily on or he would be caught and fed to the lions. For this was the law; a runaway slave was cast into the arena into which hungry lions were driven.

Poor Androclus was very much frightened as he went on his way thinking how dreadful it would be if he were found.

Just as the morning light broke gently over the hills, he came to the edge of a thick woods.

"This is the very place to hide," he thought; and plunged into the dense thickets.

On and on he stumbled; on and on, even though he was so tired and thirsty that he feared he would faint.

At last, just when he thought he could not take another step, he heard the sound of running water, and in a minute or two, he came to a beautiful little brook.

By its side he knelt and drank; but although the cool water refreshed him, he found that he had not strength to go on.

"What shall I do?" he wondered.

Then he saw the mouth of a cave not far away.

"I will crawl into that cave and rest," he thought.

It was very comfortable in the cave, for there was a bed of loose leaves on which to lie.

So Androclus lay down and was soon fast asleep.

II

Suddenly he was awakened by the deep roar of a lion! Nearer and nearer it came—nearer and nearer!

Androclus, terribly frightened, drew back as far as he could into the darkest corner of the cave, hoping that the lion would not see him; but on it came right into the cave!

Then Androclus saw that the lion was lame. It held up its front paw very much as a kitten might have done had its paw been sore.

Androclus took courage.

He crept softly toward the great beast, which, seeming to know that the man could help him, allowed him to take hold of his paw.

It required but a moment for Androclus to pull out the large thorn which was causing the pain.

The lion was so pleased that he rubbed his head against the man's shoulder, and purred loudly.

After that, Androclus was never afraid of the lion; and the lion to show his gratitude shared his food with him. In this way these strange companions came to live together in the cave.

One day when the slave was walking in the forest, some soldiers spied him. They knew that he must

have escaped from his master, so they bound him and took him back to Rome.

Poor Androclus knew that the thing which he had so dreaded was about to happen. He would be fed to the hungry lions.

The day came. Great crowds of people had gathered, as people gather nowadays to see a ball game.

Androclus, weak with fear, was pushed into the arena. He could hear the roar of the hungry lion as it came tearing from its cell.

Right toward Androclus rushed the great beast; the people expected to see the slave torn into pieces. Imagine their surprise when the lion suddenly stood

He Told About the Lion's Hurt Paw

still, and Androclus sprang toward him with a cry of joy; for it was his friend, the lion of the forest!

And the lion was just as glad as Androclus. He acted like a big pleased kitten, purring and licking Androclus's hands and feet lovingly.

The people wanted to know how such a strange thing could happen; and Androclus, with his hand on the head of his pet, told about his flight; about the lion's hurt paw; about their life together in the cave; and about the lion's sharing his food with him.

Before he was through many voices cried, "Let them live! Let Androclus and his lion live!" And they were both given their freedom.

For many years, Androclus and his pet were one of the most interesting sights in the great city of Rome.

—*An Old Tale.*

BOOKS AND STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS

Black Beauty	Anna Sewell.
Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst	American Humane Education Society, Boston, Mass.
Beautiful Joe	
Lessons about Animals	
The Strike at Shane's	A Prize Story of Indiana.
For Pity's Sake	Dedicated to my Horse, my Dog, my Cat.—Sarah Nelson Carter.
Our Dumb Animals (Magazine)	Norwood, Mass.
Mary Frances Garden Book	Jane Eayre Fryer.
Concerning Cats	Helen Winslow.
Dogs of All Nations	Conrad J. Miller.
Stories of Brave Dogs	M. H. Carter.
The Bell of Atri	Henry W. Longfellow.

PART II

STORIES ABOUT OUR PUBLIC SERVANTS

The Policeman. The Fireman. The Postman. The Street Cleaner. The Garbage Collector. The Ash and Rubbish Collector.

THE POLICEMAN

To carry out the will of the people as expressed in law is one duty of the police; to protect the city from crooks and thieves is another duty; to shelter refugees and give them food and clothing in times of great emergency is a third duty.

A competent policeman to-day should be sanitary officer, guide, counsellor, thief-catcher, peace-officer and soldier, all rolled into one."—*Arthur Woods.*

Could we do without these splendid public servants one day?

THE POLICEMAN AND THE RUNAWAY

This story began at a big public-school crossing on one of the busy avenues of upper New York.

School had just been dismissed and the children were flocking to the sidewalk.

Patrolman Smith of the mounted police was on duty at the crossing, seeing his charges safely across the street.

His horse, Bob, stood saddled at the curb. Bob kept one eye on his master, and one on the children who stopped to pat his nose. Both Bob and his master were great favorites with this school.

"Hurry now, you youngsters; move along there, or you'll be run over," ordered Patrolman Smith.

He pretended to be angry, but he wasn't, not while he smiled so pleasantly.

Suddenly, people were heard shouting a block away. Patrolman Smith saw a runaway horse coming down the avenue, directly upon his flock.

Quickly he got the children to the safety of the sidewalk, just as the horse, attached to a light delivery wagon, dashed madly by.

The next moment, he jumped on Bob's back and started in pursuit of the runaway horse.

The light wagon bounded over the roadway and swayed from side to side, almost turning over. People lined the sidewalks and shouted encouragement to the pursuer.

Slowly the police horse gained. Bob had pursued runaways before and knew his business. After a chase

of three blocks he was almost alongside. Then something happened.

An automobile, running out of a cross street, struck Bob full in the side and nearly knocked him over. As it was, Officer Smith was thrown to the roadway, fracturing his skull.

Bob was not frightened; he was a police horse. Quietly he took his place by his fallen master and waited.

In spite of his injury, Patrolman Smith quickly remounted and again took up the pursuit. With the aid of another officer he soon stopped the runaway. Then almost before he knew what had happened, he slipped unconscious off Bob's back into the street.

The other officer took charge of the runaway horse, which was covered with foam and trembling with fright.

Still another officer who came up took care of Bob and saw that he was safely returned to his station.

An ambulance drove up and carried the unconscious Patrolman Smith to the hospital. He was found to be severely injured and had to undergo a serious operation.

On recovering consciousness, as he lay on the hospital cot, his first question was, "Did we get that runaway?"

What do you suppose his second question was?

"Is Bob all right?"

When the nurse answered "yes" to both his questions, he went to sleep again satisfied. He had performed his duty.

His head proved to be so badly hurt that the doctors had to patch it, using for this purpose a little plate of silver.

The thing that pleased him most while he was getting well was the big bouquet of flowers that came from his school.

Some weeks later, the brave officer was discharged from the hospital, cured. One day, to the children's delight, he appeared again on duty at the crossing.

It was the same Patrolman Smith, spick and span, but thinner and paler. He had lost his sunburn in the hospital.

"Tell us all about everything," the children cried, crowding around him.

"Take off your cap, please," said one little fellow, who wanted to see the silver plate the doctors had put in the top of his head.

"Aw, run along now; don't bother me," he replied, with a broad smile of pleasure.

His injury was such as might occur to any policeman in his daily work of protecting the people of the city. To him his act of bravery seemed nothing. He had only done his duty as an officer. But the boys and girls knew that their crossing policeman was a hero.

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

Who guards every home at night,
And watches out for danger?
Who forbids rough men to fight,
And helps the anxious stranger?
Our policeman.

Who turns in the fire alarm
Soon as the fire is sighted?
Sees that no one comes to harm,
And many wrongs are righted?
Our policeman.

Who patrols his daily beat,
Our friend so true and steady?
Guards the children on the street,
A soldier ever ready?
Our policeman.

—*J. E. F.*

WHAT THE POLICEMAN DOES FOR US

The policeman protects our homes from danger. He is a soldier of peace, a home-guard, always on duty day and night to guard the peace and safety of the families in his care. He often risks his life, and sometimes loses it, in performing his duty.

The policeman protects our property. He acts as watchman for the houses and stores on his beat, whether the people are at home or away. Careless people often leave doors and windows unfastened. The officer discovers them and protects the tenants from their own carelessness.

If a fire breaks out, the policeman turns in an alarm. If a robbery is committed, he catches the thief and locks him up in the police station.

The policeman preserves order and prevents crime. If people quarrel on the street, disturb the peace, or commit other crimes, he interferes and arrests the guilty persons when necessary.

The policeman prevents accidents from fallen wires, holes in the street and pavement, broken store windows, runaways, and other dangers.

The policeman regulates traffic at street corners and busy crossings. He protects foot-passengers from horses, automobiles, and street-cars. He sees timid people and children safely across the street, and gives information to strangers who are not familiar with the city.

The policeman renders first-aid.

If any one is sick or injured on the streets, he calls the ambulance, sends for the doctor, and renders first-aid himself until help arrives. When children or older people are lost or missing, it is the policeman's duty to help find them.

Any person in trouble on the street will find a friendly helper in the nearest policeman. His duty is to guard the safety and comfort of all the citizens of his city, to protect them and their homes at all times, so that they can be free to go about their business without fear of harm.

HOW WE MAY AID THE POLICEMAN

We should treat him with the respect due to an officer. When speaking to him, we should always address him in a courteous manner as "Mr. Officer," or "Mr. Policeman."

We should obey his directions when on the street and at the crossings. These are given for our safety, and not because he likes to order us about.

We should notify him at once in case of theft, fire, or danger of any kind. If we cannot find the officer on the beat at once, we should notify the police station. If we do this by telephone, we should call the operator and ask for "Police."

We should regard the policeman as a friend, and be ready to aid him at all times in the performance of his duty.

THE LOST CHILD'S FRIEND
Can you tell a story about the lost child?

THE FIREMAN

DUTIES OF A FIREMAN

1. In case of fire:
   - Protect life and property.
   - Make speedy rescues and convey persons to places of safety.
   - Extinguish fires and prevent their spreading to other property.
2. When buildings collapse:
   - Rescue persons and recover bodies.
   - Clear away débris and remove weak and dangerous parts of buildings.

THE STORY OF A FIRE

I

JACK GIVES THE ALARM

Jack Hillman was a newspaper carrier before breakfast, a school-boy after breakfast, and his mother's right-hand man generally.

On the morning of this story, Jack had finished his newspaper route—all but three papers. It was about six o'clock and daylight was just breaking through the dampness and fog. The place was a quiet back street of three-story houses.

As Jack passed the third house from the end of the row, he happened to glance at the cellar window. A thin wisp of smoke-like vapor was slipping out between the sash and the frame of the window.

"It must be fog or steam," thought Jack to himself.

He watched it a moment, and then ran to the window. It came out in a thicker volume. Quickly he stooped down and put his nose into it.

"It's smoke! It's smoke!" he cried, and peered in. The whole cellar was full of smoke.

Jack looked up and down the quiet street. No one was in sight. Something must be done quickly. He ran up the steps of the house, pounded on the door with his fist and pushed the bell button; but no one answered.

Then he ran down the middle of the street and began to cry:

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

By this time the smoke was pouring out of the cellar window thicker than ever.

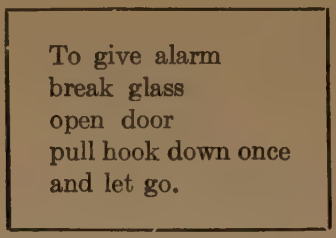
A man put his head out of a door half way up the block. Jack ran to him and pointed back to the smoke.

Just then he remembered the red fire-alarm box on the next corner. In his excitement he did not think about telephoning.

"You get the people up!" cried Jack to the man. "I'll turn in the alarm!" And he ran as he had never run before.

It seemed miles to the alarm box; but, as a matter of fact, he was not more than two minutes in reaching it.

Jack had never turned in an alarm, but he had often read the directions beside the little square of glass on the red alarm box



Jack looked about for a stone to break the glass; but there was no loose stone in that smooth-paved street.

Using his elbow for a hammer, as he had often done before, he struck the glass a sharp blow.

Crash went the thin glass to the pavement, and the little handle was in reach. Grasping it firmly, Jack turned it to the right and the red door flew open. Inside he saw a long curved slot and a knob or hook at the top of it, and the directions:

"Pull the hook all the way down and let go."

For a moment Jack was frightened. Perhaps there wasn't any fire after all, and to turn in a false alarm was against the law. Hesitating, he looked about for help; but the street was empty.

"But the house is on fire; I saw it; I know it," he said to himself.

Trembling with excitement, Jack pulled the hook to the bottom of the slot and let go.

Instantly the bell began to ring: Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling-a-ling! Hurrah—the alarm was in!

Again, Jack looked up and down the street. To his relief, he saw his friend the policeman on the beat, about a block away, hurrying towards him.

Quickly Jack told his story. "Good work, Jack, good work! You stay right here and direct the firemen where to go;" and the policeman vanished around the corner on a run to the fire.

Still the bell in the box was ringing merrily, but no firemen were to be seen. "Will they never come?" thought Jack. It seemed hours to wait. Clang! clang! a little red automobile came dashing down the street. As a matter of fact, it was just three minutes since Jack had "pulled the box."

Jack knew the man in the car—one of his heroes, the battalion chief. Right behind came engine number 29, smoking and puffing, and hosecart number 21, and ladder-truck number 12, crowded with men. The clanging gongs echoing through the quiet street sounded like sweet music to the anxious boy.

"Right around the corner, Seventh and Poplar!" shouted Jack, pointing the way and not waiting for the question.

"Seventh and Poplar! Seventh and Poplar!" he cried, as they dashed by; and then, his duty done, he ran after them.

II

AT THE FIRE

When Jack arrived, breathless and panting right after the firemen, he saw that the fire was spreading so rapidly that the whole house was in danger. The

cellar was blazing and smoke was pouring out of the first and second story windows.

On the order to "search the house," three firemen broke the door open and rushed in to search for the occupants and bring them to safety. As they entered, a thick volume of smoke came pouring out.

Already the hosemen were shooting great streams of water into the cellar. The chief in command was giving his orders in a quick, cool voice, the men obeying them almost before they were issued. There was no confusion; every man knew exactly what to do and did it.

"Is there anybody in the house?" inquired Jack eagerly of the man who lived half way up the block.

"I hardly think so; I pounded the door and shouted with all my might until the firemen came, but could not make anybody hear. Nobody seems to know whether the family is home or not," he replied.

Just then the chief cried, "Look out! here comes Jim!" Through the flames and the stream of water one of the firemen dashed out, his clothing afire with sparks, and his coat tightly wrapped over something in his arms. He would have fallen had not the chief caught him.

Quickly the men smothered the fire on his clothing. Then he opened his coat. Inside was a plump baby, safe and clean in its little nightgown, just as it came out of its crib.

How the crowd cheered when they saw it! A woman broke through the fire lines. The brave fireman quickly placed the rescued baby in her arms and

started for the doorway again; but the chief grasped him by the arm.

"You can't go back, Jim! Stay here!" he ordered.

"There are a woman and two children in there; let me go!" cried Jim, pulling away from the chief.

"Shorty and Charlie can take care of them. You stay here!" commanded the chief. His practiced eye told him that no man, however brave, could go in through that blazing doorway and come out again alive.

The chief anxiously scanned the upper windows for signs of the two men who were inside, heroically fighting their way with the woman and children to the upper floors for safety.

Suddenly a whole third-story window was wrenched out with a crash of broken glass.

"There they are! There they are!" shouted the crowd.

Charlie was leaning out of the window, and beside him a woman was waving her arms wildly and shrieking, "Help! Help! Help!"

"Make a rescue!" ordered the chief.

"Rescue!" repeated the firemen.

Already the laddermen had their long three-story ladder standing erect in the air; and almost before its top swung against the window-sill a ladderman was nimbly running up, hand over hand, and a second man was following him.

Charlie could be seen lifting a small boy out of the window into the arms of the first ladderman, who quickly carried him down to safety, while the crowd hurrahed.

Now those who could see well had an interesting

exhibit of one way in which a fireman carries a person down a ladder. The second ladderman grasped firmly each upright of the ladder, while Charlie lifted out a twelve-year-old girl and laid her across the life-saver's bent arms.

Carefully he began to descend with his burden, step by step, while the mother watched fearfully out of the window, and the people below held their breath.

In less time than it takes to tell it, he reached the bottom. The people shouted in relief, and a voice cried, "All the children are saved! Hurrah!"

As the fireman again quickly ascended the ladder, the woman was seen to topple over. She had fainted when she knew that the children were safe.

In a few seconds the ladderman stood at the top, his arms bent and braced as before. Quickly Charlie laid across them a long bundle. It was the unconscious mother wrapped in a blanket. Swiftly, yet cautiously he came down.

It is no easy task to carry a heavy woman down a three-story ladder, with smoke blinding the eyes and fire scorching the face and hands. But the life-saver on the ladder does not think of that. His only thought is to save life and to put out the fire.

Soon the ladderman reached the ground and tender hands relieved him of his charge.

III

THE RESCUE OF SHORTY

"Where's Shorty?" asked the chief of the man who had just come down.

CAREFULLY HE BEGAN TO DESCEND

"He's 'all in'; lying up there on the floor unconscious. Charlie is ready to keel over, too," he replied.

"I'll bring Shorty down," cried Dick, a fireman who heard the chief's question.

As he sprang up the ladder the chief shouted up after him, "Tell Charlie to come down, Dick!"

Meanwhile, the smoke began to pour out of the rescue window at the top of the ladder, and the fire was creeping slowly up through the wooden floors, in spite of the heroic efforts of the fire-fighters. Charlie had disappeared from the window. There was not a second to lose.

As Shorty's rescuer reached the top of the ladder, the watchers saw him jump through the smoke into the window. In a moment, he was seen pushing Charlie toward the ladder and urging him to go down; but Charlie wouldn't budge.

"He won't come down without Shorty," muttered a fireman.

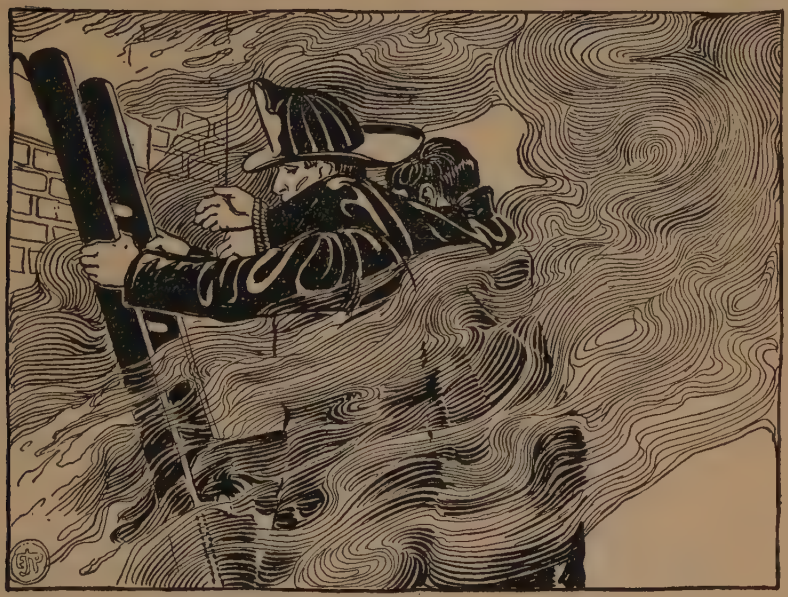
"Come down, Charlie! Come down!" shouted up the chief, using his hands as a trumpet.

Obeying orders, Charlie climbed out of the window on to the ladder and began slowly and painfully to descend, like a man in a daze. The smoke and flames poured out of the windows and scorched his flesh and clothing, while the firemen below played a stream of water between him and the wall for protection, and shouted words of encouragement.

His comrades reached up for him as he neared the bottom; and it is well they did, for brave Charlie could stand no more and fell unconscious into their arms.

They carried him to a safe place and used first-aid treatment.

Now the citizens outside the fire lines were to see what their firemen were capable of in an emergency; a thrilling deed that takes strength, courage, presence



of mind and all the qualities of true manhood to perform —the rescue of Shorty.

Through the smoke they saw Dick climb out of the window on to the ladder—but not alone. Hanging suspended over Dick's back was the unconscious Shorty, his arms around Dick's neck, with wrists securely tied in front.

In this manner Dick began to descend, rung by rung, bearing his heavy load. The wicked flames

shot out from the windows, and the suffocating smoke almost hid the men from view. Breathless, the people watched them on the slender ladder, high in the air, surrounded by smoke and flame, one man unconscious, a dead weight on the other man's back.

The only sounds heard were the crackling of the flames and the swish of the water as it played and sizzled on the fire. Then the silence was broken by a great crash—one of the floors had fallen in.

But Dick came quickly down, lower and lower, nearer and nearer to safety. What if his hands and face were scorching and his clothes catching fire, his heart did not flinch. To save life—that is the fireman's first duty, and well was Dick performing it.

But Dick was not thinking of that; he had only one thought—to get Shorty to the foot of the ladder and safely off his back.

A few steps more and the deed was done. Upstretched hands supported him; his feet touched the ground—Shorty was saved.

Then the people cheered and cheered again; and well they might, for they had witnessed a thing that makes every heart beat high with pride—the speedy rescue of lives by heroes who freely risk their own in the performance of duty.

By this time the efforts of the firemen began to tell; the water began to conquer the flames, the fire was soon under control, and the danger was over.

The chief, who now had time to look about him, spied Jack at the fire line.

"Come here," he called.

Jack came running, proud to be thus singled out.

"Hello," he said, "you are the boy who turned in the alarm, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jack.

"Go to school?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good work, my boy, good work! Come around to the fire station and see me after school today."

"Thank you, sir," said Jack.

For the first time since the excitement began, Jack realized that he still had three papers under his arm undelivered. These he delivered quickly, and ran home to tell his mother all about the fire.

HOW TO HELP THE FIREMAN

1. The telephone is usually the best and quickest means of sending in an alarm. When a fire breaks out run to the nearest telephone.

2. Call the operator and tell her where the fire is, giving the street and number. Do not say, "Come up to my house quick." The telephone operator will call the nearest fire station at once.

3. Locate the fire alarm box near your home. If you cannot reach a telephone quickly, ring the box in case of fire.

4. Stay near the box when it has been pulled for fire in order to direct the firemen.

5. Stay on the sidewalk when engines are going by.

6. Send in the alarm quickly if you discover a fire.

The fire department is ready at all times to respond to fires within thirty seconds after any alarm is sent in. Delay in sending in an alarm is responsible for nearly every large fire that occurs. When there is snow on the ground or the run is up hill, the department must be notified quickly to be of any service.

7. Have two six-quart pails always handy.
8. Use fire-proof metal cans for waste.
9. Look for exits in halls and public buildings.

Fire is a good servant, but a bad master.

It is the patriotic duty of every American citizen to prevent fires. Why?

DON'TS FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION

1. Don't go into closets with a lighted match to look for clothing. Why?
2. Don't use kerosene oil to kindle fires in stoves.
3. Don't put hot ashes into wooden boxes. Why?
4. Don't allow lace curtains near gas brackets.
5. Don't allow oily rags near stoves or about the house.
6. Don't keep matches in paper boxes or lying about carelessly. Use a covered metal box.
7. Don't forget that matches are the beginning of many fires.
8. Don't hang clothing near open fires or stoves.
9. Don't fill lamps after dark, and never when lighted.
10. Don't allow rubbish to collect in hallways or on fire escapes.
11. Don't burn leaves and dead grass on windy days.
12. Don't fail to look twice at everything that looks like fire. Every day is fire prevention day.

QUESTIONS

Have you ever visited a fire house? Tell about it.

When a fire occurs out in the country where there is no fire department, what has to be done?

Why is it necessary to have a fire department in the cities?

Can you think of some way in which fires start?

How can we prevent fires?

If you discovered a fire, what would you do?

What do you think of a person who would turn in a false alarm?

Do you have a fire drill in your school?

Every boy and girl is saved many a long tramp by the faithful services of the postmen. How?

Did you ever stop to think that we may help the postmen:

by addressing letters properly;

by writing plainly in addressing letters;

by placing the stamp in the upper *right-hand* corner;

by answering the bell promptly for the postman; or, better,

by saving time for the postman by having a mail-box.

HOW THE MAIL IS DELIVERED

I

UNCLE CHARLES WRITES FROM ALASKA

"There is the postman's whistle," said Mrs. Cameron.

Edith hurried to the door, for a letter was expected from Uncle Charles, who was in Alaska. Soon she scampered back into the room, waving an envelope in her hand. "Is it from Uncle Charles?" she asked, as she handed the letter to her mother.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Cameron, having opened the envelope, "it is from your uncle."

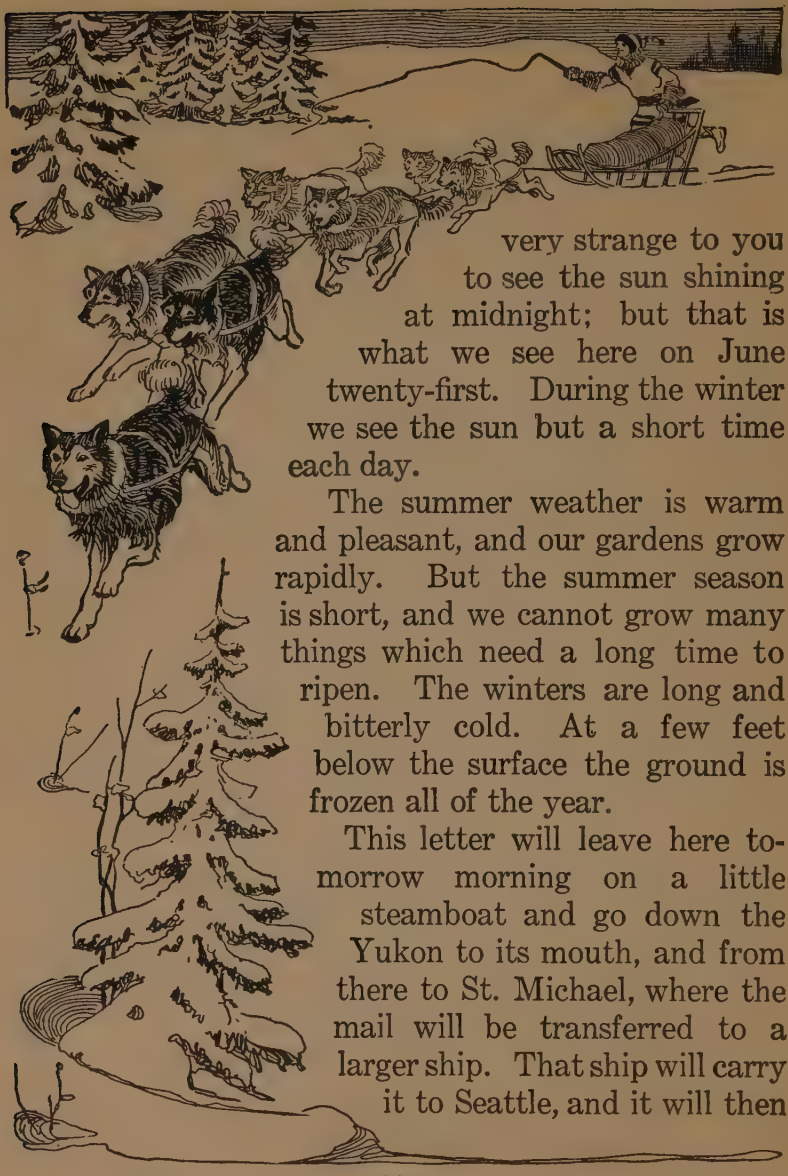
Grandpa, Mr. Cameron, and Edith prepared to listen; for receiving a letter from Uncle Charles was always a very interesting event. The letter was as follows:

FORT YUKON, ALASKA, July 4, 19—.

MY DEAR SISTER: Even in far-off Alaska this is a holiday, although it is not such a day as you are having in Boston. This morning some of the men fired off revolvers and rifles; but as there are few children in the camp, we have no fireworks.

Fort Yukon is on the Yukon River, about six hundred fifty miles from the mouth, and almost exactly on the Arctic Circle. The fort was established by an agent of the Hudson Bay Company one hundred sixty years ago, but it is still a small place.

Although we lack many things, we have one thing that Boston people do not have—sunshine night and day; that is, at this time of the year. It would seem



very strange to you to see the sun shining at midnight; but that is what we see here on June twenty-first. During the winter we see the sun but a short time each day.

The summer weather is warm and pleasant, and our gardens grow rapidly. But the summer season is short, and we cannot grow many things which need a long time to ripen. The winters are long and bitterly cold. At a few feet below the surface the ground is frozen all of the year.

This letter will leave here tomorrow morning on a little steamboat and go down the Yukon to its mouth, and from there to St. Michael, where the mail will be transferred to a larger ship. That ship will carry it to Seattle, and it will then

be carried across the continent by a swift railway train.

About the middle of October the river will freeze and remain frozen until about the first of May. Probably you will not hear from me more than once or twice during that time, for our winter mail trains are slow because they are drawn by dogs.

A team often consists of six or seven dogs hitched tandem. They come in from Valdez, far to the south. The trail follows the ice-covered rivers and lakes and crosses high mountains.

There is always great excitement when the mail reaches Fort Yukon.

Our nearest telegraph station is at Rampart, more than one hundred fifty miles southwest; so you see we are shut off from the rest of the world.

I must tell you how the mail is delivered between Kotzebue and Point Barrow. Kotzebue is west of this place, on the coast, and Point Barrow is on the Arctic coast. A Mr. S. R. Spriggs has a contract with the United States government to carry the mail. This he does during the winter by means of reindeer. The route is about two hundred fifty miles long.

I expect to receive a letter from you by the next boat that comes in. Tell Edith that I am looking for a letter from her, also. With much love,

Your brother,

CHARLES.

"I hope that you will never go to Alaska, papa," said Edith, when her mother had finished reading the letter.

"Why?" asked Mr. Cameron.

"Because we should have to wait so long for letters from you," replied the little girl. "I don't see how people can get along without having mail once a day at least. The postman comes here three times a day, you know. Uncle wrote his letter on July fourth, and this is August second."

II

EARLY MAIL CARRIERS

"Perhaps," said grandpa, taking Edith upon his lap, "I can tell you a story about the delivery of mail."

"Oh, please do!" said Edith.

"The custom of sending messages from person to person has been followed for thousands of years," began grandpa. "We read in the Bible of a letter which King David wrote from the city of Jerusalem to one of his generals named Joab. This letter was placed in the hands of a messenger who carried it to the general.

"There were no trains in those days and so all letters were delivered by men on foot, men on horseback, or by carrier pigeons."

"By carrier pigeons!" cried Edith. "How could a pigeon carry a message?"

"The birds were trained when young," replied her grandpa. "They were taken a short distance from home and then set free. The pigeons would of course fly home. The next time they were taken a greater

distance. This training was repeated many times, the distance always being increased.

"A man going on a long journey would sometimes take several pigeons with him. When he wished to send a message home it was fastened to one of the birds, which was then set free.

"The carrying of messages was established for the use of kings and others of high rank. In time the

common people began to send letters by post, or messengers. You have often heard the expression 'post haste.' Years ago, people in England used to write on their letters, 'haste, haste, post haste.'

"In early colonial days, the colonists were anxious to hear from home, which in most cases meant England.

"When a ship from the mother country landed on our shores, there were always people waiting to see if it brought them news from the loved ones left behind. Some of the letters were not called for. These the

captain of the vessel took to the nearest coffee-house where their owners called for them.

"As the country was settled, men were employed to carry the mail between the different towns and cities. Usually the postmen did not start out until they had letters enough to pay the expenses of the trip. They would carry packages and even lead horses from town to town in order to earn a little money. It is said that one Pennsylvania postman used to knit mittens and stockings as he jogged along.

"The first regular mail service between Boston and New York was established in 1673. The round trip in the winter required about a month.

"As late as 1704 there was no regular postoffice west of Philadelphia. In 1775 the colonists appointed Benjamin Franklin as postmaster-general, paying him a salary of one thousand dollars a year.

III

POSTAGE STAMPS

"Here," continued grandpa, "is a letter that I received yesterday from Lynn, only a few miles away; you see that there is a two-cent stamp upon it. Please bring me Uncle Charles' letter."

Edith ran to the table and returned with the letter.

"You see," said grandpa, "that this letter also bears a two-cent stamp, although it was carried several thousand miles. Did you ever see letters that came from a foreign country?"

"Oh, yes," answered Edith; "sometimes they have five-cent stamps on them."

"In 1792," continued grandpa, "the Congress of the United States fixed the rate of postage in this country. In some cases it cost ten cents to send a letter only a short distance. The cost depended upon how thickly settled the country was, as well as upon the nature of the roads.

"Although, in the days of our early history, people paid for having their letters delivered, there were no postage stamps in use. The charges were generally paid by the person who received the letter. The amount due was stamped on the outside.

"In 1834 James Chalmers, at Dundee, Scotland, made the first adhesive stamps."

"What are adhesive stamps?" asked Edith.

"They are stamps that are made to adhere or stick to the envelopes by moistening them," her grandpa replied.

"In 1847 the United States government commenced issuing postage stamps. Before this time, some of the postmasters were allowed to make stamps; but this is not permitted today. At first only five and ten cent stamps were made by the government. The five-cent stamps bore the head of Franklin, while the head of Washington appeared upon the ten-cent stamps.

"In 1885 special delivery stamps were issued. These cost ten cents each. When a special delivery stamp is placed upon a letter it is delivered by a special messenger from the postoffice.

The Brave Riders Had to Meet Many Dangers

"Another interesting thing about letters written many years ago is that they were not placed in envelopes."

"Why not?" asked Edith, in great surprise.

"Because," replied grandpa, "there were no envelopes. When a letter was finished it was folded into the form of an envelope and fastened by means of sealing wax."

IV

THE PONY EXPRESS

"You know," he continued, "that our mails are now carried across the country on fast railroad trains. A letter can be sent from Boston to San Francisco, a distance of over three thousand miles, in about four days. But when I was a young man there were no railroads in the far West, and the mails traveled very slowly.

"In those days many people were moving into the western country, and they felt the need of a better mail service. Some wealthy men talked the matter over and decided to use swift ponies to carry the mails. So in 1860 they planned the Pony Express.

"This was a very daring thing to do, because those were the days of Indians and outlaws, and the brave riders would have to meet many dangers.

"The ponies with their riders traveled between the town of St. Joseph, Missouri, and San Francisco, a distance of nearly two thousand miles. About eighty riders and over four hundred horses were needed.

"The riders rode day and night, stopping only to change horses at the stations along the route. Every seventy-five miles the mail was turned over to a fresh rider on a fresh horse, who carried it on to the next stopping place. The mail was carried in a sort of blanket with pockets in the corners which were locked and unlocked by the station keepers.

"At noon on April 3, 1860, the start was made from each end of the line. The first trip was made in ten days. Later, it took but eight or nine days. President Lincoln's first inaugural address was carried in seven days and seventeen hours.

"For some time the postage was five dollars for a half ounce, but later it was reduced to one dollar.

"The longest ride was made by William F. Cody, afterwards known as 'Buffalo Bill,' who was then but fifteen years of age. The boy rode steadily for nearly thirty-six hours, covering a distance of three hundred and eighty miles. During all of that long ride he stopped for only one meal.

"The Pony Express was kept up for less than two years, for in October, 1861, a telegraph line connecting the East with the West was finished, making it easy to send messages across the continent by wire.

V

THE MAILS OF TO-DAY

"The postal service has grown and improved wonderfully in our country," continued grandpa. "At first

the mail was carried by men on horseback, then by stage-coaches, and now by trains.

"Formerly, people went to the nearest postoffice for their mail; now, in all cities, the mail is delivered by postmen, just as the letter from Uncle Charles was delivered to-day.

"In almost all parts of the country there is a rural free delivery. By the roadside in front of each farmer's house is a mail-box, having the name of the owner upon it.

"A letter carrier drives through the neighborhood with the mail. When he leaves mail in a box he raises a little signal which is attached to it in such a way that it can be seen from the farmhouse. This, you see, takes the place of the postman's whistle.

"To-day, some trains are given up entirely to the carrying of mail, and all passenger trains that cross the continent carry tons of mail. Not only is the mail carried on trains, but it can be posted on them as well. It is also sorted on the mail-cars; and sacks of mail are thrown off the mail-car and others taken on while the train is going at full speed."

"I don't see how mail can be put on a train when it is in motion," said Edith.

"Beside the track, at the places where mail is to be exchanged, there is a post of wood or iron," said grandpa. "Fastened to the post there are two cross-arms as far apart as a mail-sack is long. A sack is suspended on hooks between these arms.

"Beside the door of each mail-car there is an arm, or hook of iron. Just before the mail-car reaches the

spot where a mail-bag is hanging, the mail clerk inside the car raises this arm. As the train rushes by, the arm pulls the sack from the hooks and holds it.

"The sack is then opened by the mail clerk, and its contents sorted. At the same time that the sack is taken on board, another sack is thrown from the door of the car.

"In 1790 there were but seventy postoffices in the United States. In 1916 the number had increased to over 56,000.

"Our wonderful postal system makes it possible for us to send letters to any part of the civilized world. If properly addressed and stamped they are almost certain to reach their owners safely and promptly, just as Uncle Charles' letter came all the way from the Arctic Circle to our door."

—*From "How We Travel," by James F. Chamberlain (adapted).*

QUESTIONS

I

How many of you like tc receive a letter?

Did you ever think how wonderful it is that such a little thing as a letter can travel thousands of miles and find its owner within a certain time?

What kind of "ticket" must your letter have in order to reach its owner?

What does it cost to mail a letter to-day?

After you stamp your letter and drop it into the postbox, what happens next?

How often is mail collected from your nearest box?

Where is it taken?

Do you know where the sub-station for your neighborhood is?

To what place is your letter taken from the sub-station?

How does it travel?

How are the mails sorted on trains?

When your letter reaches the city where its owner lives, who helps to find its owner?

II

How often does the postman deliver mail in your neighborhood?

Is your postman an honest, punctual, careful man? Why should he be?

Is his work easy? Why not?

Is the life of a rural letter carrier easy?

Tell something about parcel post.

III

Did you ever visit the postoffice?

What did you see?

Why do the clerks have to be careful?

Why are stamps cancelled?

Imagine that you are a letter traveling from one person to another and tell about your journey. Did you go by train or airplane?

Can you tell something about mail service by airplane?

In many cities blockmen in white uniforms are required to be constantly at work in certain fixed areas from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M., except during the winter months, when their hours are from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Should not every boy and girl be glad to help such faithful public servants as the street cleaners?

When our streets are clean and neat,
More healthful is the air and sweet;
More beautiful our city.

BEN FRANKLIN'S OWN STORY ABOUT PHILADELPHIA STREETS

Benjamin Franklin wrote a story about himself for his son to read. In this story, or autobiography, he tells a great deal about the streets of Philadelphia in 1755. As may be imagined, they were very unlike the streets of that city to-day.

You may read below in his own words, which seem

quite old-fashioned and quaint to us now, what he says:

"Our city, though laid out with a beautiful regularity, the streets large, straight, and crossing each other at right angles, had the disgrace of suffering those streets to remain long unpaved.

"In wet weather the wheels of heavy carriages plowed them into quagmire, so that it was difficult to cross them; and in dry weather the dust was offensive.

"I had lived near what was called the Jersey Market, and saw with pain the inhabitants wading in mud while purchasing their provisions.

"A strip of ground down the middle of the market was at length paved with bricks, so that being once in the market, they had firm footing; but were often over shoes in dirt to get there.

"By talking and writing on the subject, I was at length instrumental in getting the streets paved with stone between the market and the brick foot pavement that was on the side next the houses.

"This for some time gave an easy access to the market dry-shod; but the rest of the street, not being paved, whenever a carriage came out of the mud upon this pavement, it shook off and left dirt upon it, and the pavement was soon covered with mire, which was not removed, the city as yet having no street-cleaners.

"After some inquiry I found a poor, industrious man who was willing to undertake to keep the pavement clean by sweeping it twice a week, carrying off the dirt

from before all the neighbor's doors, for the sum of sixpence per month, to be paid by each house."

The people soon saw how much better it was to have clean streets. Franklin's arrangement for sweeping them finally led to the paving and regular cleaning of the principal streets.

Does it not seem strange that the great cities of the country once had the same troubles that any little village in the United States has to-day?

Why is the rubbish in this cellar a source of danger to the people who live in the house?

Why is it dangerous for the entire city?

YOU AND YOUR STREETS

I

To-day it is a common sight to see the street cleaners. Many men are at work from sunrise to sunset, cleaning away the dirt and helping to make our city healthful and pleasant to live in.

From whom does the money come to pay these men? It is not from the mayor or those who are in charge of the work. The money really is paid

by the people who own property in the city. The men working for the city are public servants. They are working for every man and woman, for every boy and girl in the city.

There is a word much in use nowadays. It is "coöperation." It means working together. Have you ever seen a group of men help push a heavily loaded wagon? They all push together in the same direction, and the horses pull at the same time, and so they get the wagon started on its way. This is coöperation, or working together.

Everybody should want clean streets and well-kept sidewalks. They mean a more beautiful city, and what is better, a more healthful city.

We know there must be a successful coöperation if we ever are to have a clean city. Now, coöperation means that every one must do his or her share.

Hundreds of boys and girls used the streets this morning on their way to school. Many of them will play on these same streets this afternoon.

Children are entitled to clean streets, but they must be willing to coöperate with the Bureau of Street Cleaning in order to get them. Do you know how they can do this?

II

Two kinds of dirt soil our city streets—that which is the result of daily traffic and that which comes from carelessness.

If there were only the dirt which comes from the use of the streets, the paid cleaners could easily remove it.

Most of the dirt, however, comes because people do not think or care. One little piece of paper, a banana peel, an apple core—how trifling they seem! Yet, suppose each boy and girl of thousands of boys and girls should forget, and should throw something into the street, how littered the streets would be!

The most important of all the things we can do is to remember. "But if I remember and some one else forgets, what then?" you ask. Why, simply remind that person.

The streets of the city belong more to the boys and girls than to the grown folks, because they will use them longer.

Who Will Sweep this Pile Away?

If this city is our home, we should keep the streets clean; for the streets are like the hallways of the home, and everyone likes to have a clean home.

Every time we go to school, to the store, to church or Sunday-school, or out to play, we go on the street. The streets are as important as the houses. We could not have our city consist entirely of streets, nor could we have it consist entirely of houses.

Many things have to be built and used together, or in coöperation, to make a city.

III

All over the country, boys and girls are coöperating with grown people and with city governments in the fight for good, clean streets. Boys and girls are remembering and reminding —they are street inspectors keeping watch over what is their own.

THE PLACE FOR CANDY BAGS IS THE WASTE CAN

They are learning about these things and thinking about them; when they grow up, they will know how such work should be done.

They are getting their parents interested in the fight for clean streets.

They are seeing that the paper from their own homes is tied up so that it will not blow over the streets, that ashes are not piled up in boxes, and that covers are kept on garbage pails.

There are many ways in which they can help. They can see that papers are thrown in the waste cans, or in cans in the school-yard. When they buy candy they can remember not to throw the wrappers in the street.

Can you tell why clean, well-paved streets make it easier to have cleaner houses and cleaner clothes and better health?

A Parade of Street Cleaners

Street Cleaners at Work in Winter

As you go home notice something that you think will bring about an improvement in the condition of your streets.

EQUIPMENT OF STREET CLEANERS

A large city street-cleaning department uses:

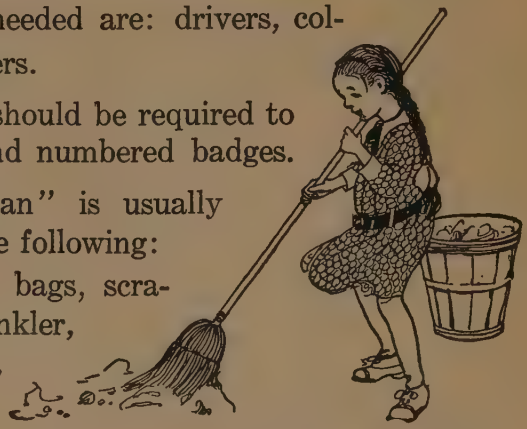
Sprinkling wagons, flushing machines, machine brooms, dirt wagons and carts, rubbish wagons, tightly-built ash wagons, covered garbage wagons.

The workmen needed are: drivers, collectors and cleaners.

All employees should be required to wear uniforms and numbered badges.

Each "blockman" is usually provided with the following:

A bag carrier, bags, scraper, broom, sprinkler, fire-hydrant key, shovel, tools.



DON'T SWEEP RUBBISH INTO THE STREET

QUESTIONS

All sweepings are placed in dust-proof bags. Why?

Sweepings are not allowed to remain in piles on the street. Why?

Snow, ice, and mud should be removed from street crossings, fire hydrants, sewer inlets, and footways of public bridges in reasonable time. Why?

HOW WE MAY HELP KEEP THE STREETS CLEAN

We may all help to keep the streets of our city clean if we observe the following "Don'ts":

1. Don't fail to keep all rubbish in tight receptacles, or to tie it securely into bundles. Why?
2. Don't fail to use tight metal receptacles for ashes.
3. Don't forget to leave at least three inches of clear space at the top of receptacle to prevent the contents from being spilled or blown into the street.
4. Don't fail to provide a covered, leak-proof metal can for garbage, and to keep it covered at all times.
5. Don't sweep or throw dirt, rubbish, waste-paper, grass-cuttings, fruit-peelings, or anything else into the street. Put them in tight rubbish receptacles or tie them into bundles to be taken up by the collector.
6. Don't forget that all dirt or rubbish, and every scrap of paper carelessly thrown into the street must later be picked up and removed, and that the taxpayer must pay for having this done. Why?

QUESTIONS

How do streets become dirty?

Who pays for having these city hallways cleaned?

How can every boy and girl help reduce the taxes?

How can each become a street-cleaning inspector?

How often in a week is your street cleaned?

Why is the work in crowded districts done at night, except in severe weather?

Will you try to coöperate with the street cleaner to keep the streets of your city clean? How?

In some of the cities of the Far East, animals are depended upon as garbage collectors. Hungry dogs and cats, and in some places, even pigs, rove the streets, picking up for food the refuse which is thrown out.

It is no wonder that dreadful diseases break out among the people, is it? How unhealthful our own cities would be if we had no garbage collectors.

What is garbage?

How does the garbage collector help the street cleaner?

Why is the garbage collector one of our important city servants?

WHAT THE GARBAGE CAN TOLD ROBERT

I

One day as Robert was going through the kitchen, he heard his mother talking to the maid. "Nora," she said, "I wish that you would be careful to keep the garbage can covered." Robert hurried away to school and thought no more about it.

That night, after he fell asleep, he dreamed that he was visiting at his cousin's house. He thought that he was going down the back steps when suddenly he heard a weak little voice.

"Oh, dear," it was saying, "I feel so wretched! Oh, dear! can you get a doctor, please?"

Robert looked around, but there was nothing in sight.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" came the weak little voice again. "Oh, can't somebody help me!"

"Why, who's talking?" asked Robert. "I don't see anybody. I'd like to help you, if I knew who you were."

"It's I—Garbage Can," answered the voice. "Here I am—look down, please."

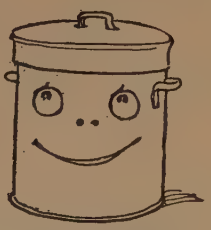
Robert looked down, and there sure enough stood the garbage can, which he had failed to notice, looking up at him. You can imagine how surprised he was.

"Why, I didn't know you could talk!" he exclaimed.

"If you knew how miserable I feel, you would not bother about that, but would take off my lid," said the garbage can.

Then Robert saw how really ill the garbage can looked.

"You poor thing!" he exclaimed; "why, certainly I will lift your lid if that will help you." As he raised the cover, a loaf of stale bread, a pork chop, and some apple parings fell out.



Oh, Thank You! That is Better

"Oh, thank you! That is better," sighed the garbage can. "What a relief!"

"Shall I get a doctor?" asked Robert anxiously.

"Oh, no, thank you; I don't need a doctor now. I feel almost like myself again," he answered.

"If folks only wouldn't fill me so full of rich good food," he complained, "how much better off everybody would be!"

"Too full of rich good food!" laughed Robert. "Why, I never knew that any rich good food was thrown away."

"We get entirely too much of it," said the garbage can. "Waste food is the only kind that is good for garbage cans."

"Do many people waste good food?" asked Robert.

"What some folks throw away makes me sick!" declared the garbage can confidentially. "I could tell you some things, young man, that would certainly surprise you."

"Please tell me, if you feel able," begged Robert.

"Very well," agreed the garbage can, settling down comfortably. Anyone could see that he was pleased.

"In the first place," he began, "do you know that we American garbage cans are the hardest worked of all garbage cans in the world?"

"No," Robert shook his head.

"It's a fact, though," went on the garbage can. "The American garbage can is the fattest in the world, —a United States senator first said so."

"Why, what did that mean?" asked Robert. "American garbage cans don't look any fatter than those in other countries, do they?"

"The senator referred to the rich food that is thrown into the American garbage can," explained the speaker patiently. "He meant that the American people are the most wasteful people in the world. They do not save little things. Few people stop to think how long it takes grains of wheat to grow into a loaf of bread. Did you ever think how hard somebody had to work to get the wheat grains ready to make the bread?"

"No," acknowledged Robert, "I don't believe I ever did."

"If people did think, we should not be stuffed every day with bread enough to feed many a poor family."

"Oh, not that much, surely?" questioned Robert in surprise.

"Yes, sir," declared the garbage can, "that much. I ought to know! I have been a garbage can all my life."

"Yes, you ought to know," agreed Robert.

"Not only bread," went on the garbage can, "but

meat, too. Now, that does surprise you, doesn't it! It takes four years to grow a beefsteak, yet there are garbage cans which are fed nice big pieces of beefsteak every day or so."

"I don't believe—," Robert started to say.

"Don't believe what?" snapped the garbage can. "Don't believe! Why, I haven't begun to tell you about the value of garbage!"

"Please excuse me," explained Robert; "I was going to say that I don't think my mother allows such waste."

"Oh, was that it? I beg your pardon," apologized the can. "I get so excited when I think about what is wasted, and so nervous when I see little children and even animals who need what is thrown away, that I sometimes forget my manners, I fear."

Robert could not help smiling at the thought of the manners of a garbage can; but the can evidently thought that he was smiling about some of the facts he had been told, and continued to talk.

"Watch when you have a chance, and notice what good meals could have been made from the food wasted on garbage cans if a little thought had been used.

"It has been estimated that the garbage cans get one-third of the food which is bought and prepared for the American people.

"This food, if used rightly, would feed all the poor. It would build many battleships. It would pay for all the land in some states. It would run the government for weeks."

"Would it make any difference in the cost of food

if people were not wasteful?" asked Robert, as the speaker paused for breath.

"Of course," answered the can. "You see, if food is very plentiful it does not cost so much because there is enough for everybody; but when it is scarce it costs more because there is only enough for those who can afford to pay a high price."

"Oh, so people who buy food and waste it make it scarcer, and prevent the poorer people from getting it at a lower price," said Robert.

"Good! I see you understand!" cried the garbage can. "Not only is what you say true, but the fact is that the poor people who waste food are often kept poor because they throw away what they could save. A slice of bread a day amounts to about a dollar and fifty cents a year! Better to watch the garbage can!"

The can stopped suddenly as the rumble of a wagon sounded in the street.

"It is the garbage collector!" he exclaimed delightedly. "If it were not for him, I am sure I don't know what I should do!"

"Good-by," said Robert, who did not care to have the collector see him talking with a garbage can. "I thank you for the lesson, Mr. Can."

"Good-by," muttered the garbage can; and then his face melted away and Robert woke up.

QUESTIONS

Why would doctors have to work many times as hard as they do if there were no garbage collectors?

How do the garbage collectors help in keeping people well?

TWO GARBAGE COLLECTORS

I

The next evening, after Robert had finished studying his lessons, he surprised his father by asking, "What becomes of garbage, father? Where does a collector take it?"

"What kind of a collector, Robert?" asked his father with a twinkle in his eye.

"What kind!" Robert was puzzled. "I didn't know there were more kinds than one—the men who wear the city uniform and collect our garbage every other day," he declared.

FLIES ARE THE COLLECTORS I MEAN

"There are several different kinds," said his father. "One kind is especially anxious and active in warm weather if the lid is left off the garbage can."

"Oh, I know," said Robert; "you mean flies!"

"Yes, flies are the collectors I mean; and they do a great deal of harm, not because of what they take, but because they carry germs of disease on their feet."

"Yes," said Robert, "I know they do; our teacher showed us a picture of a fly's foot and tongue magnified many times."

"Then you understand why mother found fault with Nora for leaving the cover off our garbage can yesterday?"

"Yes, father; but I never thought before today

how unhealthful a city would become if it were not for the garbage collectors—the real ones, I mean," Robert remarked.

"Indeed, we ought to appreciate what they do for us," his father said. "You see, they are really just one set of the public servants of our large city family. They are useful men and do their work well."

"I shall certainly think more of them after this," said the boy. Then, suddenly, he asked again, "But, father, what do our garbage collectors do with the garbage? Where do they take it?"

"Let me see," answered his father; "they take it—I think they drive down to some river wharf, and dump it into scows."

"And then where do the scows take it?"

"They are drawn by tugboats down the river to the disposal plant. To tell the truth, Robert, I do not know just what is done with it there; but in some way it is made into fertilizer, which is sold to farmers."

"I wish I knew how it is done," said Robert after a minute.

"Why, if you are interested in that, we will take a trip down to the plant some day soon," promised his father. "I should like to know more about it myself."

"Oh, that will be fine, father. Can we go on Saturday?"

"I think so. I will see if I can get permission of the disposal people to make a visit on that day."

"I guess it must pay to make garbage into fertilizer." Robert was thinking aloud.

His father took up the thought. "Indeed it does,

my boy. Garbage, or waste food, is very valuable; that of some big cities being worth a million dollars a year."

"So much? Isn't it splendid that it can be used? I wonder how any one thought of making it into fertilizer."

"Well, I imagine it came about in this way: farmers and people who live in the country where they can observe, have found out that the thriftiest of all creatures is Mother Nature. She never lets anything go to waste; she is so very thrifty that when men help her she uses waste so fast that it pays a thousand fold.

"So the men who buy the fertilizer made from city garbage are buying it for thrifty Mother Nature to use as food for plants. But we have talked too long, son; so good night, for you know

'Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.' "

II

Robert was scarcely asleep before he dreamed that he was in charge of all the garbage collectors in the city, and that he needed a new collector for a certain ward.

"Two applicants are waiting to see you, sir," said his office boy; and Robert stepped out to see them.

One of the applicants was a strong young man, and the other was an enormous fly!

In his dream this did not seem strange to Robert.

Turning toward the fly he asked, "Have you had experience in this line of work?"

"Yes, sir!" answered the fly. "Let me tell you what I did yesterday.

"I spent the night in a garbage can that some one had neglected to cover. I ate breakfast from some fruit

on a fruit stand; stopped in the gutter to get a drink of water; then drank some milk off the edge of a milk bottle which was standing in a doorway; and had dessert off a baby's cheek and mouth. See how experienced I am! You ought to give me the job, I think."

"Oh, no," cried Robert making a leap toward the fly. "Get out of here, you dirty—" but he never finished, for the leap he gave landed him down so heavily in bed that it woke him up.

When Robert and his father reached home after their visit to the garbage disposal plant, the boy told his mother about what they had seen.

"Mother, it was so interesting!" he exclaimed. "The garbage was thrown on broad belts which moved slowly forward on very long tables. Men were seated on each side of the tables, and they raked the garbage over with little rakes."

"I should think that would be unpleasant work," said his mother.

"That is what I thought, too; but the guide who took us through the plant laughed when I said so. 'The men like that work,' he said, 'because they can have whatever they find. Sometimes they find silver spoons; sometimes things of more value. One man last year found a diamond ring which he sold for two hundred dollars.' "

"That does make it seem different, doesn't it, Robert?" said his mother. "But how careless some people must be to lose such valuable things! Where do the moving belts take the garbage?"

"To great vats where steam is driven through it, and the grease is melted down. The grease is sold for making oils and soap; the other part is made into fertilizer," explained Robert.

"I am glad to know about it, for I have never given the matter much thought," his mother said. "I wish every one knew how much is done for us when we put the garbage can out for the collectors."

THE ASH AND THE RUBBISH COLLECTOR
WHAT DREADFULLY UNTIDY, UNCLEAN, UNHEALTHFUL PLACES OUR HOMES WOULD BE IF IT WERE NOT FOR THESE HELPFUL PUBLIC SERVANTS
J·B

THE FIRE THAT STARTED ITSELF

I

"Joe Lockery told us the funniest thing this afternoon, mother," said Walter as he came in from school.

"Tell me about it," said Mrs. Homer, with interest.

"Joe asked us if we had ever heard of a fire that started itself. We thought he was joking, but he wasn't."

"A fire that started itself! Why, Walter, I can't see anything funny about that!" replied Mrs. Homer.

"Well, we thought it was funny," declared Walter.

"Wait a minute till you hear about it, mother. Joe was telling us about a fire in his father's furniture factory. The night watchman saw smoke coming out of a fourth story window.

"The watchman rang the fire alarm and then ran upstairs. The varnish room was full of smoke. Flames were bursting out of the top of a large metal can, into which the workmen threw the sweepings and dirty rags that had been used in polishing the furniture. The watchman soon put the fire out with the water in the fire buckets.

"When the firemen arrived, they said that the fire had started itself. The can had been left uncovered, and the rubbish and rags had caught fire from their own heat. I never heard of such a thing, did you?"

"Yes, I have often heard of such things," said Mrs. Homer. "I am glad that nothing serious happened. It is very fortunate that the factory did not burn down. I suppose those rags were soaked with varnish and turpentine. I should think that the men would have known of the danger of their starting a fire."

"Joe's father said that the men had orders to keep the can covered and to remove it from the hot room at night. But I don't see how oily rags could start a fire alone, do you, mother?"

"They certainly could do so," Mrs. Homer replied. "You remember the fire in the Park Garage, don't you?"

"I think I do. That was the fire that burned up so many automobiles, wasn't it?"

"Yes; I heard afterwards that that fire was caused in the same way. A lot of oily rags which the work-

men had used were thrown into a corner. During the night when the garage was closed, they became very hot and burst into a flame."

"Without a match or light?" exclaimed Walter.

"Yes, without a match or a spark of light. When things are set on fire by the heat within themselves, it is said that the fire was caused by spontaneous combustion."

"Oh, yes; that is the word Joe used. Then it is true. Lots of us boys didn't believe that such things could happen."

"They do happen and would happen very much oftener if the city did not have public servants who come to carry such dangerous things away."

"Public servants—oh, mother, do you mean the ash and rubbish collectors?"

"Yes, Walter; you know they come regularly for ashes and rubbish. If they did not, there would be many more fires, I fear."

"I should think that if people knew of the danger they wouldn't keep such things."

"What would they do with them, Walter?"

"Why—I didn't think about that. I don't suppose that each family could have such things carted away for themselves, could they?"

"No, it would be impossible to keep our cellars and yards in good order without the system that the city uses. How untidy and unsafe we should all be. Besides the danger of spontaneous combustion, the rubbish would make hiding places for rats and mice, and would become a source of disease and uncleanliness."

"Isn't it splendid that the city attends to such things!" cried Walter. "Why, I never expected to say, 'Three cheers for the ash man! Three cheers for the rubbish collector!' "

A Parade of Ash and Rubbish Wagons

QUESTIONS

Why should ashes be kept in a metal receptacle?

Would there be danger in mixing ashes with rubbish? Why?

Is there any danger in allowing rubbish to accumulate? Why? How might it affect health?

How often do the ash and rubbish collectors come to your home?

What is done with the ashes? With the rubbish?

What kind of wagons are used?

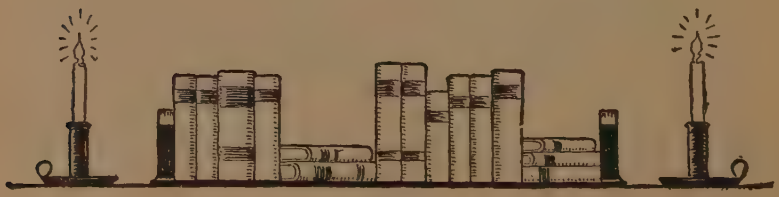
Why should every family be particular to observe the city regulations?

Suppose every family had to dispose of its own ashes and rubbish—what would they do?

How should we treat the ash and the rubbish collectors? Why?

"THE CHILDREN OF TO-DAY ARE THE PEOPLE OF TO-MORROW"

With the help of all your good public servants who save your strength, guard your safety and save your time, what kind of people should you grow to be?



PART III

SAFETY FIRST

"The good citizen thinks of Safety First as a patriotic duty."

WHO AM I?

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations.

I am more deadly than bullets and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.

I steal in the United States alone over $300,000,000 each year.

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage-earners a year.

I lurk in unseen places and do most of my work silently.

You are warned against me, but you do not always heed.

I am relentless.

I am everywhere—in the house, on the streets, in the factory, at the railroad crossings, and on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation and death, yet few people seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush, or maim; I give nothing, but take all.

I am your worst enemy.

I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young and old, the strong and weak. Widows and orphans know me.

I cast my shadow over every field of activity, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of a railroad train, from the rocking of a boat to the spinning of a top.

Do you know who I am?

Are you anxious to be a friend of mine?

You will have to *think hard* not to help me, for I am CARELESSNESS.

It is only Thoughtfulness or Safety First that keeps me from doing more.

I started the great fire that swept away the greater part of the city of Chicago. You see Thoughtfulness or Safety First wasn't working, so I let the woman who was milking a cow set a lantern too near the cow's heels.

If Thoughtfulness or Safety First had been on board the *Titanic*, the Captain would have listened when the wireless warned him of icebergs ahead.

I was there! You remember what happened.

I help in every accident. If Thoughtfulness or Safety First were "on the job," almost every accident would be avoided. I don't like SAFETY FIRST. Do you? I wonder why? —*Selected.*

SAFETY FIRST

Safety First is a policeman guarding our bodies from accidents.

Do you know that the word accident grew out of Latin words which mean *to fall?* When anything happens suddenly and unexpectedly, we say it happened accidentally or fell upon us.

Safety First means preventing accidents. Almost all accidents happen from the carelessness of somebody. Safety First means Thoughtfulness.

Safety First is your friend.

Soldiers and Sailors are Safety-First Men Because They Guard the Safety of Our Country

OUR SAFETY-FIRST MEN

Did you ever stop to think how many brave men are employed to look after our safety and protect us from danger?

Soldiers and sailors are safety-first men who look out for the safety of all the people of the nation. Can you tell how?

The policemen are safety-first men, as all children know. Can you tell something about some safety-first work that they do?

The railroad engineer thinks only of the safety of his passengers. He knows safety first through and through.

The crossing watchman's motto is safety first for

The Policeman is a Safety-First Man. Can You Tell Why?

Why is the Fireman a Safety-First Man?

The Street Cleaner is a Safety-First Man Because He Protects Our Health by Keeping the Streets Clean

the careless people who drive and walk across the tracks where he stands guard.

The building watchman walks from room to room of the great store or manufacturing plant all night long. If fire breaks out or thieves break in, he knows just what to do. The track-walker is the special guardian of the railroad tracks. His watchword, like the engineer's, is safety first.

These are only a few of the brave men who believe in safety first and who often risk their lives in serving us. Can you name others?

The Garbage Collector is a Safety-First Man. Can You Tell Why?

Tell a Safety-First Story about this Picture

BRAVE WATCHMAN RECEIVES MEDAL FROM PRESIDENT WILSON

Patrick W. Mulligan, a crossing watchman of Norristown, Pennsylvania, has been awarded a medal of honor by the President of the United States for risking his own life to save the life of a little child.

With the medal of honor there came a letter from President Wilson to Mr. Mulligan, telling of the President's appreciation of his bravery.

August 19, 1914, Mr. Mulligan was on duty at the Mill Street crossing in Norristown. He had lowered the gates for an oncoming train when a little Italian child, about two and a half years old, ran under the gates out on the tracks.

The train was only a short distance away, but Mr. Mulligan jumped and caught the little one just in time to save her from going under the wheels. Both were struck by the engine.

When the train had passed, people ran to the spot. They found the brave watchman unconscious from a deep wound in his head, and from many bruises. The little girl's foot was injured, but her life was saved.

That is why the medal and letter were sent to Mr. Mulligan.

A number of such medals have been given by the United States Congress to persons "who, by daring, endanger their own lives in saving, or endeavoring to save, the lives of others; or in preventing accidents upon any railroad."

QUESTIONS

The little girl was not very much to blame. Why?

If you had attempted to cross and been hurt you would have been to blame. Why?

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

You have often seen this sign. It stands at unprotected railroad crossings to warn of danger. It says to everyone: Stop a moment before crossing!

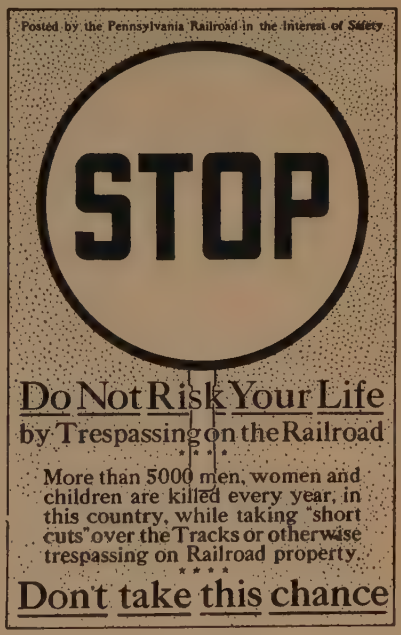
Look up and down the tracks!

Listen for the engine!

If these three words were heeded, very few accidents would happen at the crossings.

Think what railroad tracks are for. They are made for trains to run over, and not for people to walk on. If people remembered this and kept off the tracks except at crossings, many lives would be saved.

Hard as it is to believe, it is a fact that over 5,000 people lose their lives each year by trespassing on railroad tracks. To trespass means to go where you have no right to go.


Posted by the Pennsylvania Railroad in the Interest of Safety
STOP
Do Not Risk Your Life
by Trespassing on the Railroad
More than 5000 men, women and children are killed every year, in this country, while taking "short cuts" over the Tracks or otherwise trespassing on Railroad property.
Don't take this chance

Did you ever see 5,000 people together at one time? They form a great crowd—a small army. If some terrible accident should happen, a great fire or an earthquake, and 5,000 people should all be killed at once, we should call it a catastrophe. The country would be filled with horror, and plans would be taken to prevent such a thing from ever happening again.

Yet when 5,000 people are killed one at a time, no one seems greatly impressed.

Don't you think that something should be done about it?

Will you yourself stop, look, and listen?

Are these Children Thinking of Safety First?

BE ON YOUR GUARD

I

It is said that by street accidents alone in New York City one person is killed every 14 hours, and one person is injured every 23 minutes.

Would you give your eyes or your life for all the money in the world? One of your legs is worth a whole woodpile of crutches, isn't it?

Two out of every three accidents can be prevented by Safety First; by keeping your eyes open and your wits about you. Prevention and foresight are Safety First.

Never cross a street except at crossings. Always stop and look both ways.

Never try to run or dodge if you are caught in the middle of a street with vehicles coming in both directions. Stand still so that the drivers will be able to go around you safely.

Never play games in the middle of the street. Do not chase your ball before first seeing that no wagons or automobiles are coming. It is better to save your life than your ball.

What is Going to Happen Here?

Tell the Story of this Picture

Never jump on or off a moving elevator, trolley, or train. It is better to be a few minutes late than to go through life as a cripple.

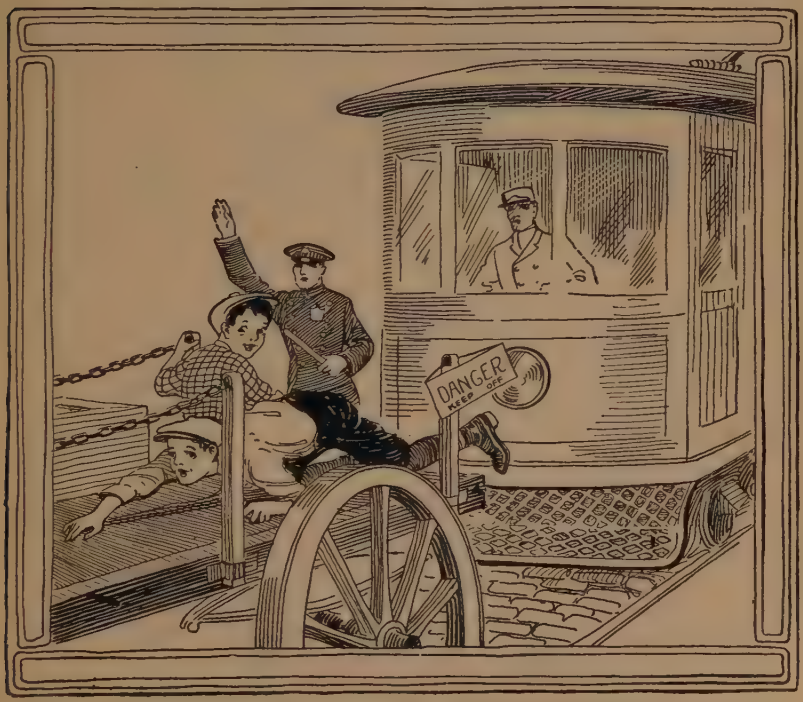
Never ride a bicycle on the left side of the street. Keep to the right. Never try to dodge in front of a street car or an automobile, or to catch hold of either of them for the sake of a tow.

Never steal rides by hanging on the back of wagons, trucks, automobiles, or street cars. You may jump or fall off directly in front of a passing vehicle.

III

More children suffer from accidents than grown people because they are the most thoughtless. Here are some of the ways in which hundreds of boys and girls are killed or hurt every year:

By hitching on backs of wagons or street cars; by roller skating in the roadway; by sliding on push-mobiles in the roadway; by daring each other to run across the street in front of vehicles; by engaging in street fights; by building bonfires; by playing on the fire-escapes and unprotected roofs;



WHO IS TO BLAME IF THESE BOYS GET HURT?

What Happened to the Boy in this Picture?

by riding bicycles in heavy-traffic streets; by climbing poles on which there are "live wires."

Do not do these things. Be careful and urge your friends to be careful too. Help to save their lives as well as your own.

QUESTIONS

Why does your city spend great sums of money for the services of Safety-first men?

Do you think it is a wise thing to do? Why?

Name some things which might help the safety-first of your school.

A CLEAN CITY

Some time ago little card book-marks were given to the school children of Dallas, Texas, by the Board of Health. On the cards were printed these words:

Spring is here. It is time to clean up. Let us all help to make Dallas a more attractive and healthful city.

Keep your yard, in front and rear, neat and clean. Ask your neighbors to do likewise.

Plant trees, shrubs, vines and flowers. Destroy weeds.

Put garbage and rubbish in covered fly-tight receptacles. Such refuse breeds flies and insects which are dangerous because they spread disease. Cleanliness is cheaper than sickness.

Spare the birds. They destroy worms and insects, thus preserving the flowers and trees and helping to make the city beautiful.

QUESTIONS

Do you think that the doing of these things would be of help to the street cleaners of your own city?

How does a clean city mean safety first?

Name some of the things which should be done in your neighborhood.

FIRE-PREVENTION DAY

Fire-Prevention Day and the Fire Drill mean Safety First.

October 9th has been set aside as Fire-Prevention Day.

Fire-Prevention Day is really a safety-first day. Can you tell why?

Fire-Prevention Day means a cleaner city. How will that mean safety first to all the children?

The fire drills in school are safety-first drills.

One of the greatest dangers from fire is that people will crowd together in the doors in trying to escape from a burning building, and will be injured or killed.

Many little children have lost their lives in this way.

Children who have been accustomed to fire drills are not frightened when the bell rings to form in line for the drill; and they move onward in an orderly way until all are out of the building.

If the building were on fire, there would be no better way of helping all the children to safety.

In helping anyone whose clothing has caught on fire, smother the flames with rugs and heavy wraps.

Remember this

SAFETY-FIRST RULE

If your clothing should catch on fire, do not run; lie down and

Roll! Roll! Roll!

Smother the flames!

Courtesy of the Farm Journal

STOP THIEF!—THE RAT IS A THIEF AND AN ASSASSIN WHO BREAKS INTO YOUR HOME AT NIGHT

QUESTIONS

Do you know that in some states a certain day in the year is set aside as Rat-Prevention Day?

What can people do to keep rats away?

Why is Rat-Prevention Day really a fire prevention?

How does Rat-Prevention Day mean safety first?

How do Fire-Prevention Day and Rat-Prevention Day help give us a clean city?

Cleanup Day keeps rats and mice away. How?

Why are they dangerous to health?

Do you keep a cat or dog policeman?

HOW TO FIGHT FLIES

Sickness and death are traced directly to the fly. The story is disgusting, but it is true. It lies within your power to guard your family and yourself from this known carrier of disease. Will you not protect yourself and help in fighting this menace to health?

First, destroy the breeding places of flies. The fly cannot develop from the egg, which must have undisturbed filth to grow in, in less than eight days; therefore if all filth is cleaned up or destroyed at least once a week, the eggs will not have time to develop and there will be no flies.

Screen windows and doors. Wire screens are the best, but cotton mosquito netting can be used. Keep flies away from the sick, especially those ill with typhoid fever or consumption. Kill every fly that enters the sick-room. Kill the flies as fast as they appear in the spring. The early flies will multiply into millions in a season.

BREEDING PLACE

When you see flies gathering on anything in your house or yard remove it. The most flies are always found wherever there is most filth and dirt. A bad odor will attract flies, and a clean odor, such as the

fragrance of flowers, will drive them away. Keep everything clean, and starve at least some of them to death.

Dont's

Don't tolerate flies.

Don't allow them in your house.

Don't allow them on your premises.

Don't allow garbage, rubbish, or manure to collect on your lot or near it.

Don't allow dirt in your house. Look in the corners, behind the doors and furniture, under stairs and beds. In brief, keep the house clean.

Don't allow flies near food, especially milk.

Don't buy food of any kind where flies are allowed.

Don't buy milk where flies are on the cans or bottles.

Don't eat where flies are found.

Don't forget the screens.

Don't forget to write to the Bureau of Health if there are any breeding places for flies in your neighborhood.

Don't Forget—No Dirt—No Flies.

"If you don't kill me, I may kill you," said the fly.

QUESTIONS

Why are flies among our worst enemies?

How does fighting flies mean safety first?

Breeding Places

HOW TO FIGHT MOSQUITOES

If you have mosquitoes in your own home you may be sure that there is a mosquito breeding place very near you. Perhaps it is in your own house or yard, or at least within your own block. Such places are overlooked because people do not know that any puddle of water, no matter how small, makes a fine breeding place for these midget murderers.

Mosquitoes must have still water to breed in. Therefore if there is no standing water there will be no mosquitoes.

Any water left standing in clogged sinks, toilet fixtures, water pitchers in the guest room, buckets, tubs, aquariums without fish, or in anything which will hold

a few teaspoonfuls of water may be used by the mosquito as the place to deposit eggs. If you are neglecting such things, the chances are that you are raising your own crop of mosquitoes.

How to Get Rid of Mosquitoes

Kill every mosquito you see about your house. Every mosquito killed in winter or spring will lessen the number of mosquitoes in the summer by thousands. Why?

Where it is necessary to have water standing in tanks, barrels, or other such vessels, keep them closely covered with fine wire screens, or with a piece of cheesecloth.

Where it is impossible to drain or screen, you should cover the surface of all standing water with a film of kerosene oil. By putting oil on the water you cut off the air supply of the "wrigglers" and "tumblers." After leaving the eggs the young mosquitoes must have air in order to live. A film of oil prevents them from getting the air, and they choke to death.

Two tablespoonfuls of oil are sufficient to cover fifteen square feet of water. Fresh oil should be put on the water once a week during the summer season.

Remember

No Standing Water—No Breeding Places;
No Breeding Places—No Mosquitoes.

HOW TO MAKE A MOSQUITO TRAP

Mosquito Trap

Mosquitoes generally settle on the ceiling above reach. If one climbs up and kills them it soils the paper or plaster. A simple trap can be made with which you can destroy them without defacing the ceiling.

Materials needed: the shallow cover of a tin can about five inches in diameter. A broomstick about four feet long.

Nail the cover through the center to the broomstick.

To use: Pour a little kerosene oil into the cover. Raise it gently under the mosquito and press it against the ceiling.

The mosquito will try to fly away and will fall into the oil. The kerosene fumes will fill its "breathers," and it will be suffocated.

QUESTIONS

How does the fighting of mosquitoes and flies help make a clean city?

How does it mean safety-first?

Do you think that all good citizens should take part in such fighting? Why?

Why would you prefer to live in a city which does such fighting than in one which pays no heed to flies and mosquitoes?

Should everyone value the good health of everyone else? Why?

Courtesy of F. A. Owen Publishing Co.

QUESTIONS

Why is good health your most valuable possession?

Why is your good health valuable to your country?

How does your caring for your health show your love for your flag?

Why does the good American try to gain and keep perfect health?

Name some of the things which you should do every day in order to keep well.

PART IV

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

Junior Membership and School Activities
Patriotic Service

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

In September, 1917, President Wilson sent out a letter from the White House in Washington to the school children of the United States. He called this letter a proclamation. To proclaim anything is to tell it to everybody.

So in this proclamation President Wilson told the children that he was also president of the American Red Cross, and that he would like to have them all join the Red Cross as Junior Members and help in the work.

This letter meant that the twenty-two million school children of the United States would not have to wait to grow up before doing actual Red Cross work, but would be able to begin right away to take their part as young citizens. If a story were written telling of the services of the children during the war, it would fill a book larger than the biggest dictionary. Two years later, the president sent out a new proclamation, urging the children to continue the work of the Junior Red Cross.

A PROCLAMATION

To the School Children of the United States:

Two years ago, as President of the United States and as President of the American Red Cross, I addressed to you a letter in which I advised you to enroll in the newly organized Junior Red Cross, and I explained to you some of the ways in which the Junior Red Cross would help you to be useful to your country and to the children of those countries which were associated with us in a great war against a powerful enemy. Millions of you did join the Junior Red Cross and worked hard, and what you did is warmly appreciated by the whole country.

Now, by the blessings of God and through the faithful performance of duty by our soldiers and sailors and the soldiers and sailors of the countries by whose side we fought, a great victory has been won and the war is over, but I am sure that you wish to continue to be useful to your country and to children less fortunate than yourselves. Therefore, I am writing to you at the opening of the new school year to advise you again to join the Junior Red Cross, which has planned a work for peace times even larger and more systematic than the work done during the war.

The Junior Red Cross will instruct you in ideals and habits of service, will show you how to be useful to your school, how to aid the older people in your community in their efforts to promote the health and comfort of the people among whom you live, and how to help children who are still suffering from the effects of the great war in foreign lands invaded by the enemy.

The recent war was the greatest of all wars, not only because more men and nations were engaged in it than in any other war of history, but also because, as a result of it, people have seen a vision of a different kind of world from the world of the past, a world in which nations shall unite for purposes of peace and good will as they formerly united only for war against an armed foe. In working for the children of other nations you will come to understand them better and they will understand and appreciate you more.

Your education will not be complete unless you learn how to be good citizens, and the Junior Red Cross plans to teach you simple lessons of citizenship through its organization and its activities. It is your generation which must carry on the work of our generation at home and abroad and you cannot begin too soon to train your minds and habits for this responsibility. By doing what you can to make happier the people of your own neighborhood, your state, your country, and also the people of other lands, you will make yourselves happier.

(Signed) WOODROW WILSON,
President.

September, 1919.

WHAT THE CHILDREN DID

You know what they did.

They helped in the great work that the Red Cross was doing in the World War.

They made bandages and splints and clothing for the wounded soldiers and sailors.

The girls knitted sweaters and mufflers and mittens to keep them warm.

The boys made stretcher poles, knitting needles, packing cases, and many, many other useful articles in their manual training classes.

All the children stopped wasting food.

Many gave up some foods, of which they were very fond, in order to save them for the army.

Indeed, one could talk all day about what the children did.

They helped by sending to the Red Cross what they made and what they saved, to be used in the work of the Red Cross.

THE RED CROSS IN WAR

This work is:

First.—To care for and nurse the wounded among our own soldiers and sailors, and even the wounded of the enemy who fall into the hands of the Red Cross.

Second.—To care for the families of the soldiers and sailors who have given their services to their country.

THE RED CROSS IN PEACE

But happily wars do not last all the time.

Some day we hope wars will be done away with, but we cannot expect wars to cease while kings and their friends make the laws for the people.

When the people make their own laws, wars will cease because the people know best what is good for all.

What golden deeds then does Red Cross do in times of peace?

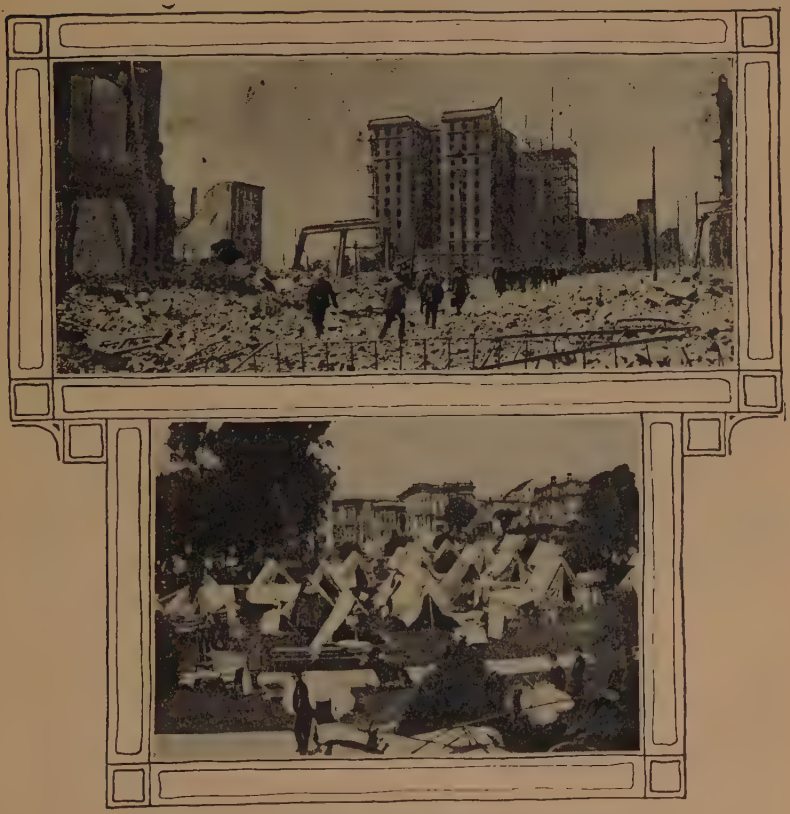
Always, in times of war or in times of peace, the work of the Red Cross is helping people who are suffering.

How do people suffer in times of peace?

Perhaps from disease. In many cities Red Cross nurses go about from home to home taking care of sick

people, showing mothers how to take care of babies, and helping in every way they can.

Perhaps floods or fires come, bringing suffering. The



The San Francisco Earthquake and the Refugees in Tents

Red Cross is the first to send out help to the sufferers.

Can you tell about what happens during a flood? What work can the Red Cross do?

How does the Red Cross help the people whose homes have been destroyed by fire? Can you tell about the San Francisco earthquake in 1906?

The Explosion at Halifax in 1917

Who were the first to send doctors and nurses, and medicine and food to the suffering people of Halifax?

Yes, the Red Cross. I think if the great Red Cross could be made into one picture it would be a picture of the good neighbor. The good neighbor takes what is needed to a neighbor who is hurt, or sick, or in need, and stays to do what can be done for the sufferer. Is that the kind of a picture you have in your mind of the Red Cross?

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR

Now, just imagine a city made up entirely of people who are good neighbors. What kind of a place would it be? Wouldn't you like to live in such a city?

Such people would show by their deeds that they loved their country, wouldn't they? How can we show that we love our country?

When we say we love our country, we do not mean only the land on which we live. We mean the people who live on the land, and the land on which the people live. The people and the land make up "our country."

America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—*Katherine Lee Bates.*

OUR TWO FLAGS

What they stand for—

FOR HUMANITY — FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

What does Humanity mean?

Do you have two flags?

Do you wear the Red Cross button?

Do you ask your friends to join the Red Cross?

Has your school an American Red Cross Auxiliary banner?

THE RED CROSS FLAG

When we say we love our American flag, we mean that we love what our flag stands for. We mean that we love our people and the land on which we live.

But there is a flag which means that we love all people who need us as good neighbors, no matter where they live, no matter who they are.

May that flag some day fly in every country of the world to show that all boys and girls have learned to be Good Neighbors.

The Red Cross flag is the second flag of American citizens. Do you know how many members the American Red Cross would have, if every American citizen were a member?

One of the best ways to show how much you love your country's flag is to enlist in the services of your country under the Red Cross flag.

Of course you are wondering how we came to have a second flag, and how our American Red Cross came to be.

Before you can learn about that, you must find out how the Red Cross first came to be. You must think about two people. One is Florence Nightingale; the other, Henri Dunant.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

You have heard about the little English girl, named Florence Nightingale, who loved to play she was a nurse.

You remember that when she grew up she went in a ship all the way to the Crimean peninsula to nurse the soldiers during the dreadful war between England and Russia in 1854.

You remember, too, that when she wanted to go, the men in charge of the army told her that it was a foolish idea.

They said that no one had ever heard of such a thing —that women would not be able to do any good in such a dreadful place.

But Florence Nightingale was not the kind of person to be discouraged by such talk.

She managed to go; and she did so much for the wounded and sick soldiers that they called her the "Angel of Mercy."

Do you remember that the very men who had discouraged her found out that the work she and her nurse friends did was the most wonderful help they ever had?

HENRI DUNANT

When Florence Nightingale was eight years old, a little boy was born in Geneva, Switzerland.

His name was Henri Du-nant.

Little Henri grew up like other boys; he was full of sport, but he was always sorry for any creature which suffered.

After he grew to be a man, he was made very sad because of the sufferings of wounded soldiers. He knew the story of Florence Nightingale, and often wondered if something could not be done to help all soldiers.

After seeing a terrible battle in which nearly forty thousand men were killed and wounded, he wrote a story about it. In the story he asked the question, "Why couldn't people of all countries make plans to care for the sick and wounded during wars?"

And from his thought came the great Red Cross work.

That work began before there was an American Red Cross.

Now we are ready to find out about our own Red Cross.

CLARA BARTON

It makes you glad to think how proud the English people must have been of Florence Nightingale, doesn't it?

You will be very happy to know that an American woman did just the same kind of work for American soldiers as Florence Nightingale did for English soldiers. Her name was Clara Barton.

I. The Christmas Baby

Clara Barton was a Christmas baby.

The Barton family lived in a farmhouse on a hill near Oxford, Massachusetts.

There were four other children, two boys and two girls.

On Christmas morning of 1821, the four children woke to find a lovely Christmas present—a baby sister whom they loved from the minute they saw her. This was Clara Barton.

Little Clara grew up very happily. In winter she loved to coast on the snowy hills and to skate on the ice-ponds, and to take the long walk to and from the country school house.

In summer she played in the green fields and waded in the cool brooks.

She and her brother David used to do many daring, dangerous things.

They would ride upon the bare backs of unbroken colts. They would climb high places.

II. The Little Nurse

One day David climbed high into the peak of the roof of the barn. Suddenly a board gave way and David fell.

He was dreadfully hurt.

Although Clara was only eleven years old when this happened, she would not let any one but herself nurse David. For two years she took care of him.

"You will get sick yourself," her mother told her, but Clara said that she could not leave her brother.

"I would rather nurse sick people than play," she said.

It was because of her tender care that David got well.

"Clara is a born nurse," he would say. "She knows just the right things to do."

CLARA BARTON

III. Clara Grows Up

You would think that when she grew up, Clara would have studied to be a trained nurse, wouldn't you?

If there had been trained nurses in that day no doubt she would have done so, but there were none.

Instead, she became a school teacher.

When she was only sixteen, she began to teach in a little district school near her home in Oxford, Massachusetts.

Afterward she taught the first public free school in New Jersey.

She worked so hard in her teaching that her strength gave out, and she decided to do some other kind of work.

You see, she could not bear to be idle.

So she went to Washington.

As you know, Washington is the capital of the United States.

Most of the business of our national government is attended to in this city.

Soon after Clara Barton went there she was asked to take charge of the Pension Office of the government.

She was asked to do this because she could be trusted to do her duty.

IV. The Civil War

When she had been in Washington about three years, the terrible Civil War broke out.

You remember what the quarrel was about, don't you?

There were fierce battles, after which wounded soldiers lay on the battlefields without help.

The thought of their sufferings touched Miss Barton's tender heart.

"Oh, if I could only go nurse them!" she thought. She knew that many other kind women were having the same thoughts.

"I will go!" she finally decided.

At first the men in charge of the army did not want her to go, and said that such work was too hard for women.

But Clara Barton, like Florence Nightingale, was not the kind of person to be discouraged by such talk.

She managed to go.

And the very men who had discouraged her found out that the work she did was the most wonderful kind of help.

V. The Army Nurse

I wish I could tell you about the noble deeds she did, but this book would not hold all the stories.

She carried food and medicine to the soldiers.

She bound up their wounds and put on their bandages.

Sometimes as she was dressing the wounds of a soldier in the open field a bullet would come whizzing by.

Once one passed between her arm and her body.

She wrote letters for the men to their families, that their loved ones might know where they were.

In the cold winter weather, in the heat of summer, she did everything she could for the wounded and sick soldiers.

You do not wonder that they called her "The Angel of the Battlefield," do you?

After the war was over she was so tired and worn out that the doctors said she would have to take a long rest. So she went across the ocean to Switzerland.

VI. Miss Barton Hears of the Red Cross

The story of Miss Barton's great work had reached Switzerland before she left home.

While she was there in Geneva some gentlemen who had heard the story went to call upon her.

They talked with her about Henri Dunant and Florence Nightingale and about the relief work done in our own Civil War.

They told her that they had formed a society called the Red Cross. The work of the people of the Red Cross was to care for the wounded soldiers.

They said that the people of the Red Cross wore a certain badge, a red cross on a white ground. On the battlefield persons wearing this badge were allowed to give help to the wounded soldiers.

They said that twenty-two different countries in Europe had joined in this work, and they asked Miss Barton if she would try to get the United States to form a Red Cross Society in America.

Miss Barton was very thankful to learn about the Red Cross and promised to do all that she could, for she could understand better than many other people how great a good could come from such work.

VII. The American Red Cross

When Miss Barton returned from Europe she kept her promise and tried to interest the American people in the Red Cross. But many years of weary waiting and hard trying passed before anything was done.

At last, in 1882, President Arthur signed the Red Cross Treaty and enrolled the United States with the other nations under the Red Cross banner.

This is the story of how the American Red Cross came to be.

WHEN THERE WAS NO RED CROSS

In the year 1859 a wounded soldier lay upon a European battlefield. The battle was over and night was coming on. Only the dead and dying were left on the field.

"Water! Water!" the soldier moaned, but no one heard him.

His severe wound brought on a high fever and his lips became parched with thirst.

"Water! Water!" he cried again. "If I only had a drink of water!"

Then he heard a sound as if some one was creeping towards him.

Opening his eyes, he saw in the falling darkness another wounded soldier lying by his side.

This soldier reached over and held his water bottle to the feverish lips of his suffering comrade.

Eagerly he drank and then asked, "Have you enough for us both?"

"Yes, yes, drink!" was the answer. "You need it more than I!"

Again he drank and then fell back exhausted.

"I wonder if they will find us?" the second man said, and he too fell back exhausted with the effort he had made.

All that night they lay there, and all the next day; but no relief came. As the weary hours dragged by they tried to help each other; but it was little they could do, except to lie there and suffer.

The second night the severely wounded man died, and

the one who had brought him water was left alone.

In the morning a kind farmer, who had been searching for the wounded, found him and carried him to his home. The farmer's wife bound up his wounds with clean bandages and nursed him until the army surgeon arrived.

If help had been at hand, the lives of thousands of heroes who lay on that great battlefield would have been saved. But there were no plans of rescue and no care for the wounded such as we have to-day; there was no Red Cross.

WHEN THE RED CROSS CAME

In 1918 an American soldier was wounded in the Great War. As soon as he was able, he opened his first-aid kit and poured iodine into his wound.

"Oh, how I wish I had a drink of water," he moaned. He lifted his canteen to his lips, but it was empty.

He lay back and closed his eyes. Quite soon he was roused by the touch of something cold and soft against his face.

He knew what it was.

Yes, it was a Red Cross army dog, which had been sent out to search for the wounded.

To the dog's neck was tied a canteen full of water, and from his collar hung a short strap.

While the soldier loosened the bottle the dog stood still. Then he grasped the end of the strap in his mouth and speeded away.

Like all Red Cross dogs, he had been taught to seize the strap in his mouth whenever he found a wounded man, and to return home with the news.

When the Red Cross workers saw him coming with the strap held in this way, they knew that a man lay out on the battlefield in need of help.

It was not long before the brave dog was again standing by the side of the wounded soldier, this time with the helpers he had led to the spot.

With gentle hands two Red Cross orderlies lifted the rescued man into the Red Cross ambulance which was waiting near by.

Very soon he found himself in a clean hospital bed with an army surgeon using all his knowledge and skill in dressing his wounds.

When his wounds were dressed, he looked up to see a quiet, cheerful Red Cross nurse standing by his bedside with a bowl of warm broth for him to drink.

His life had been saved by the Red Cross.

QUESTIONS

Which soldier would you rather have been?

Who was to thank for the comforts of the second soldier?

Do you not think that every child in the United States should belong to the Red Cross?

What kind of men and women will they grow to be if they try to do the kind things that the Red Cross does?

What kind of a country will they have? Why?

How can they help do away with wars?

What does this mean—"Boys and girls, you are the hope of the world"?

THE RED CROSS

Wherever war with its red woes,
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,
    There, too, go I;
If earth in any quarter quakes,
Or pestilence its ravage makes,
    Thither I fly.

—*John H. Finley.*

SONNY

HOW MAPLEWOOD WON SONNY

Sonny, a big, gentle, and affectionate dog was offered as a prize to the members of the Junior Red Cross by one of the large woman's magazines of this country. Sonny was to be given to the school children who sent in the best account of the work they had done during the first year of the life of the Junior Red Cross.

The prize dog was sent to the children of Maplewood School, Maplewood, New Jersey, in time to march in their Fourth-of-July parade, and he and the children were very, very proud of themselves and of each other. Everybody cheered them and they had a delightful time.

The Maplewood children decided to send the prize dog to serve in the trenches during the World War. As he was a real police dog, with plenty of courage, this just suited Sonny.

Here is a part of the prize essay:

"We have had a most interesting year of Red Cross work in the Maplewood Grammar School, and we believe that the results have been worth while.

"Our work as a Junior Red Cross unit began twenty-four hours after President Wilson had issued his proclamation.

"In that short time, every child in the school of five hundred and ten pupils had been enlisted in the Junior Red Cross army, dues of one hundred and fifty dollars had been paid, and our officers had been elected.

"We have given our school sewing-periods to the making of games, and posters for Victory Gardens and War Savings Stamps campaigns. On Wednesday afternoons, the whole school is dismissed at two-thirty, and we all do Red Cross work until five o'clock. In addition, we take home extra work and return it completed. As the result of our efforts, we have made 14,975 articles. All of the articles have been made since we became part of the National Junior Red Cross army. We were notified that many of our first articles had been sent to other units to be used as models.

"This is a record of what we have done for the Junior Red Cross. It is only a little compared with what the Junior Red Cross has done for us in teaching us perseverance, thrift and thoughtfulness, and in giving us a fine chance to prove ourselves patriotic."

—From the Delineator

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS' FIRST BIRTHDAY

When the Junior Red Cross was one year old, 8,000,000 children had become members.

50,000 refugee garments had been made by the members in the first six months of its existence.

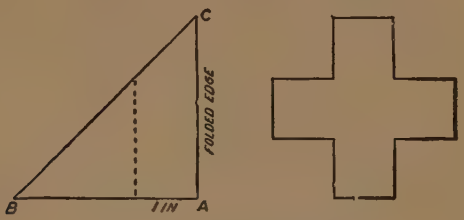
3,004 pieces of furniture had been made by school children for Red Cross convalescent houses.

A fund of more than $10,000,000 had been raised by the Junior Red Cross before its first birthday.

Crop harvesting, berry picking, and gardening are some of the ways in which the 8,000,000 members saved money and made money for their country—for their United States.

HOW TO MAKE A RED CROSS EMBLEM

The cutting of a Red Cross emblem with one stroke of the scissors is a thing quite easy to master. Fold over a piece of paper six inches square until the lower left-hand corner meets the upper right-hand corner, and the paper forms a triangle measuring 8 x 6 x 6



Red Cross Emblem

inches. With the longest side toward you, fold the lower right-hand point until it rests on the lower left-hand point, making a triangle 6 x $4\frac{1}{4}$ x $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Repeat the process, making a triangle $4\frac{1}{4}$ x 3 x 3 inches. From the point marked A in the illustration measure one inch toward B. From this point draw a line parallel with the fold marked A—C. Using a pair of

sharp scissors, cut along this line, unfold the paper and you will have a perfect cross. For emblems varying in size merely increase or decrease the measurements.

I KNEW YOU'D COME

In a certain company fighting in the World War were two brothers, one a captain and one a private.

As their company stormed the ragged top of the mountain opposite where they were stationed, the young captain was mortally wounded. Covered with blood and terribly hurt he dragged himself to the shelter of a shell crater where he lay protected under heavy machine gun fire. His company was forced to retire to a shelter a few hundred yards back where the lines were re-formed and they were waiting orders.

Saluting his commanding officer, the young private requested the privilege of going back for the body of his wounded brother. The officer objected. Would it be wise to risk a life in the face of such a rain of fire? The captain was mortally wounded and probably dead.

Finally he gave his consent and the lad crawled out to the shell crater on his hands and knees. Tenderly raising the body of his captain brother he started to crawl back towards his company lines. As he reached their shelter the life of his brother passed out and he laid the body tenderly upon the ground.

The commanding officer came to him and as the private saluted, "Well," said the officer, "your brother is dead. Your trip was useless. Was it worth while for you to run such a risk?"

The young soldier replied as he smiled into the face of the superior officer, "Yes, sir; it was worth the risk. As I crawled down over the top of that shell crater and looked into the pale face of my brother, his eyes were closed and I knew he was going to die. When I touched him he roused and slowly opened his eyes. He recognized me and said, 'I knew you'd come, Tom. Oh, I knew you would come.' All the risk I ran was paid for, because he believed in me—and I am glad, sir, that I was able to prove myself, in that moment, worthy of that belief."

—*Adapted from "Association Men."*

QUESTIONS

Aren't you glad that you can help the Red Cross to help brave men like these?

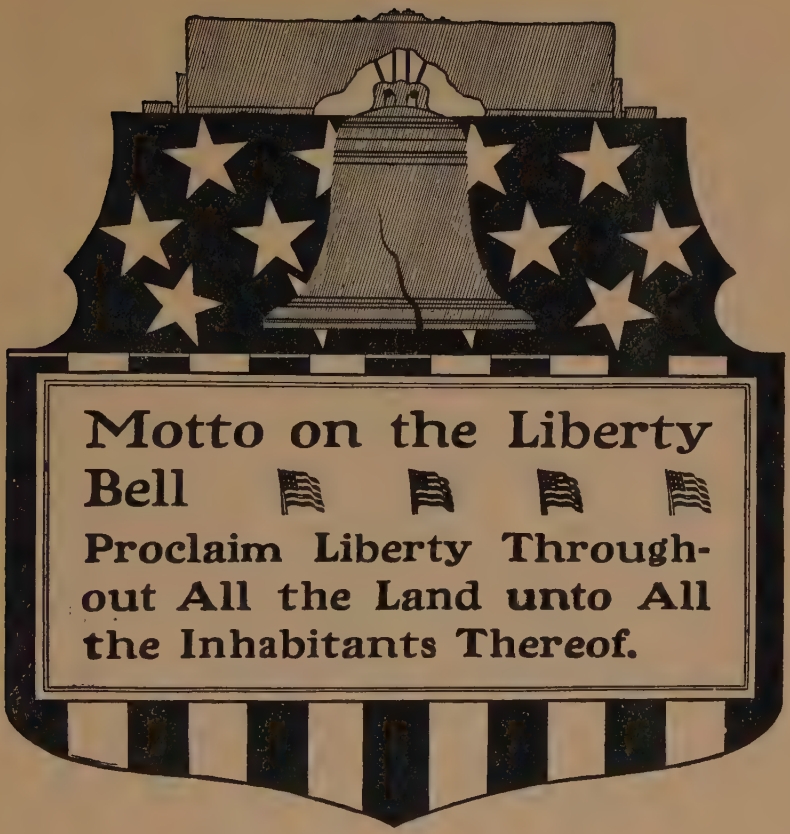
How did they show their love for their country's flag?

THE DEBT

Here are my lands!
They are my country's, too.
For her fields were won by valiant men,
And all they yield is hers to take again.

Here are my hands!
They are my country's, too.
Ungrudged, unweighed, their works and gains belong
To her who lent them skill, who made them strong.

Here is my life!
It is my country's, too—
A life to live for her who made me free,
A life to give for her, if need shall be. —*Selected.*



PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE TO OUR FLAG

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States, and to the Republic for which it stands—one Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.

TO THE FLAG

Here's to the flag! How we love every thread of it!
Love every stitch from the foot to the head of it,
Loving the blue and the white and the red of it,
Floating so free!
Well may the traitor and spy have a dread of it,
Guardian of you and of me.

Here's to the flag! How we thrill at the sight of it!
Thrill at the color, the glory, the might of it,
Thrill at the red and the blue and the white of it,
Flag of the free!
Resting our cause in the justice and right of it,
Flying for you and for me.

Here's to the flag! How we gaze at the hue of it!
Glowing with pride at the incidents true of it,
Proud of the red and the white and the blue of it,
Floating o'er land and o'er sea!
Let our thoughts ever be worthy and true of it,
Floating for you and for me.

Here's to the flag! How we reverence the whole of it!
Red stripes and white stripes, stars, field and pole of it,
Liberty, freedom, the ultimate goal of it,
Flag of the free!
Loyal we'll be to the heart and the soul of it,
Flag dear to you and to me.

-Edward B. Seymour.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

The American Flag is a symbol of the brotherhood of man; it stands for courage, for chivalry, for generosity and for honor.

To bear the "Star Spangled Banner" is an honor; to own one is a sacred trust, for it is the emblem of freedom, equality and justice for all.

The flag should not be hoisted before sunrise, nor allowed to remain up after sunset. When being raised or lowered, it should not be allowed to touch the ground.

When the national colors are passing on parade or in review, and when they are being lowered at sunset, and the "Star Spangled Banner" is being played, spectators should, if walking, halt, and if sitting, rise and stand at attention with hats off.

When the flag is used as a banner, that is, suspended across a street, the union, or field, should fly to the north in streets running east and west, and to the east in streets running north and south.

When the flag is hung against a wall or in decoration, so that it can be viewed from one side only, the blue field should be at the upper left corner as one faces it. When hung horizontally, the field should be at the upper left corner.

When a flag is displayed on a rope, the field should be away from the residence of the one displaying the flag, in the same position as it would be if attached to the staff.

The flag at half staff is a sign of mourning. In

placing the flag at half staff, it first should be hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position; and preliminary to lowering from half staff, it should be raised to the top. On Memorial Day, May 30, it should fly at half staff until noon and at top of staff from noon until sunset.

PLAIN BUTTONS

Edward Everett Hale's Story, *"The Man Without A Country,"* retold by Edna S. Knapp.

I

Once there was a man, an officer in the American army, who said something dreadful, when he was only a mere boy; he cursed his native country! He pretended for a while that he did not care when he was punished, but in the end he was very, very sorry. Because he wore his uniform without the official buttons, the sailors on the ships where he spent his life called him "Plain Buttons."

His name was Philip Nolan. He had been brought up on a southern plantation where the most welcome guests were Spanish or French officers. He spent half his time with an older brother hunting horses in

Texas. The "United States" meant almost nothing to him.

Still, when he grew up he became an officer in the army of the "United States;" he swore, on his faith as a Christian, to be true to the "United States." Nolan was a lieutenant in the "Legion of the West," as our western army was called in those early days, one hundred years ago.

At that time the Mississippi valley was the "far West" to most people, and seemed a very distant land indeed. We had a number of forts along the river bank and Nolan was stationed in one of these. Nolan's idol was the brilliant and dashing Aaron Burr, who visited the fort several times between 1805 and 1807. He paid some attention to Nolan and obtained a very strong influence over him.

Burr got into trouble and some of his friends were tried for treason, Nolan among them. It was very plain that Nolan would do anything Burr told him; that he would obey Burr far quicker than his country, in spite of his oath.

So when the President of the court asked Nolan, at the close of the trial, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out in a fit of frenzy, "Curse the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court, turned white as a sheet. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolutionary War and had risked their lives, not to say their necks, cheerfully and

loyally for the country which Nolan so lightly cursed in his madness. Colonel Morgan, terribly shocked, called the court into his private room and returned in fifteen minutes to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed, but the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Then Colonel Morgan added, "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat and deliver him to the naval commander there. Request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship."

II

Colonel Morgan himself went to Washington and President Jefferson approved the sentence, so a plan was formed to keep Nolan constantly at sea. Our navy took few long cruises then, but one ship could carry the prisoner as far away as it was going, then transfer him to another vessel before it sailed for home.

Nolan wore his uniform, but with plain buttons. He always had a sentry before his door, but the men were as good to him as his sentence permitted. No mess wanted to have him with them too steadily because they could never talk about home matters when he was present,—more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. They took turns inviting him to

dinner, and the captain always asked him on Mondays. He could have any books or papers not printed in America. Newspapers having any mention of America had to be gone over, and the allusions cut out. He used to join the men as they were reading on deck and take his turn in reading aloud. Once, when they were cruising around the Cape of Good Hope, somebody got hold of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was then new and famous. Nolan was reading when he came to this passage:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self"—

Here the poor fellow choked, and could not go on, but started up and flung the book into the sea and fled to his stateroom. It was two months before he dared join the men again.

There was a change in Nolan after this. He never read aloud from anything unless he was sure of it, like

the Bible or Shakespeare. He was always shy afterwards, and looked like a heart-wounded man.

Sometimes he tried to trap people into mentioning his country, but he never succeeded; his sentence was too well known among the men who had him in charge. I think there was only one day that he was really happy except when he knew his lonely life was closing. Once, during the war of 1812, the ship on which he was staying had a fight with an English frigate. A round shot entered a port and killed the officer of the gun and many of the gun's crew. The surgeon's people carried off the wounded and then Nolan appeared in his shirt-sleeves with a rammer in his hand and took command. He finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it and bade the men fire. There he stayed until the enemy struck, getting that gun loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The old Commodore thanked Nolan publicly, gave him his own sword, and mentioned him in the dispatches.

III

At another time Nolan went with a young officer named Vaughan to overhaul a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. Nolan was the only one who could speak Portuguese, the language used by the slavers. There were but few of the negroes. Vaughan had their hand-cuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off and put these on the rascals of the schooner's crew. Then Nolan told the blacks that they were free and that Vaughan would take them to Cape Palmas.

Now, Cape Palmas was a long way from their native land, and they said, "Not Palmas. Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women." One complained that he had not heard from home for more than six months. It was terribly hard for Nolan, but he translated these speeches, and told the negroes Vaughan's answer in some fashion.

As they were rowing back he said to a young midshipman of whom he was fond, "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven.

"And for your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother."

And then Nolan added, almost in a whisper, "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

Years passed on, and Nolan's sentence was unrevoked, though his friends had once asked for a pardon.

The end came when he had been nearly fifty years at sea, and he asked the ship's doctor for a visit from another midshipman, Danforth, whom he liked. Danforth tells us about Nolan's last hours and calls him "dear old Nolan," so we know his love was returned.

The boy saw what a little shrine poor Nolan had made of his stateroom. Up above were the stars and stripes, and around a portrait of Washington he had painted a majestic eagle with lightnings blazing from his beak, and his foot just clasping the whole globe. Nolan said, with a sad smile, "Here, you see, I have a country." Over the foot of the bed was a great map of the United States, drawn from memory. Queer old names were on it, names such as he had learned, like "Indian Territory" and "Louisiana Territory."

"Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I am sure that you know that there is not in America,—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or hopes for it as I do. Tell me something,—tell me everything before I die!"

Then the young midshipman redrew the map and tried to tell all that had happened to our great and growing country in fifty years. Only he could not wound his friend by mentioning the Civil War.

Nolan drank it all in and enjoyed it more than we can tell. After that he seemed to grow weary and asked for his Bible, telling Danforth to look in it after he was gone. This is the text he had marked: "They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore

God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city."

On a slip of paper he had written, "Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

In Memory of

PHILIP NOLAN,

Lieutenant in the Army of the United States

"He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands."

AMERICA, MY HOMELAND

There's no place like my homeland,
  Dear land of liberty,
Where all mankind are equal,
  And all the people free.
I can see a glorious future
  For which my land awaits,
A future filled with triumph
  For my own United States.

America, my homeland!
  What glorious future thine,
When all the peoples of the earth
  For freedom shall combine;
When liberty and justice
  Shall rule within their gates,
As here within my homeland,
  My own United States.

COLUMBUS*

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind, the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone;
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
  "Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!' "

"My men grow mutinous day by day:
  My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave wash'd his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day,
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!' "

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral; speak, and say—"
  He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world! he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—*Joaquin Miller.*

1. Do you know what is meant by the Gates of Hercules?
2. Suppose that Columbus had become discouraged and had allowed the men to turn the ships toward home, what would have happened?
3. When we celebrate Columbus Day on October 12th, what are you going to think about?
4. In what way can you be like Columbus?

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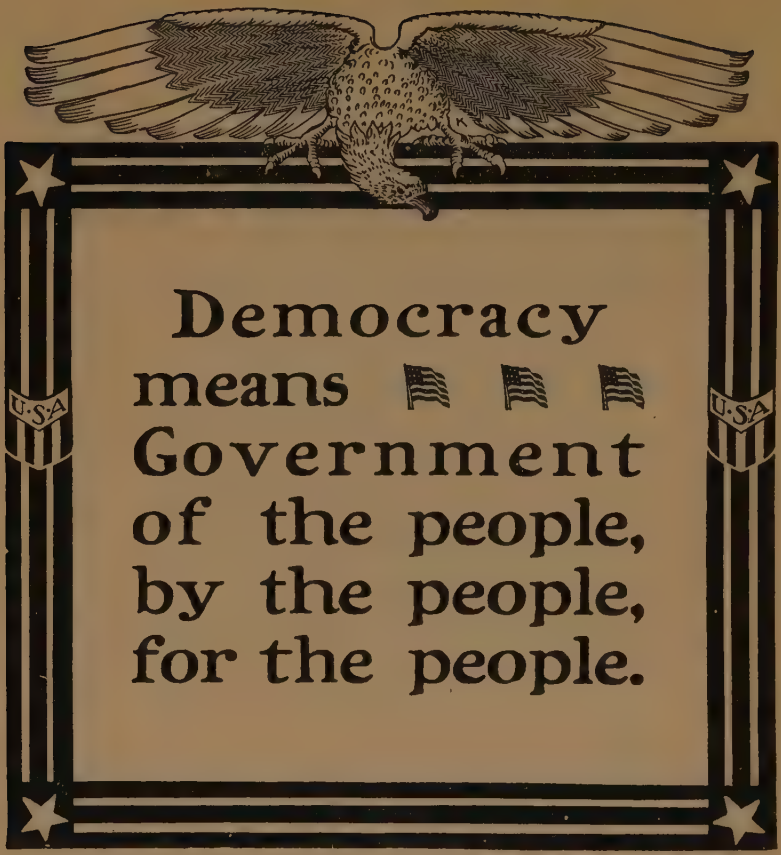


QUESTIONS

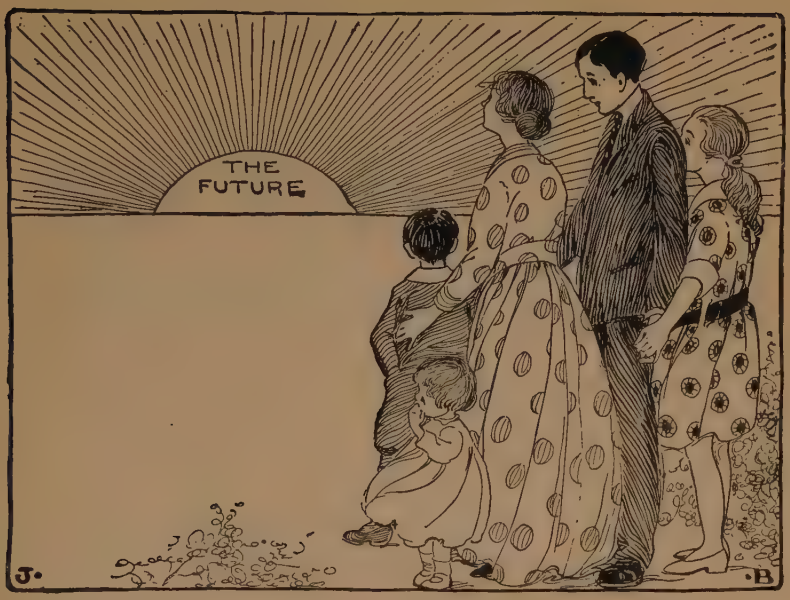
Why is America the greatest democracy in the world?

Why do the children of a democracy have a better chance than those of a country governed in any other way?

Why should American children be the best young citizens in the world?

How can they show that they are good citizens?

How will this help the children who will come after them?



THE FUTURE—WHAT WILL IT BRING? JUST WHAT YOU AND I AND ALL OF US MAKE IT BRING. LET US THEN DO OUR BEST TO BE GOOD CITIZENS, AND SO HELP OUR COUNTRY.

Ark of freedom! Glory's dwelling!
Native land, God makes thee free!
When the storms are round thee swelling,
Let thy heart be strong in thee!

OUTLINE OF WORK

For the Teacher

PART I

CIVIC VIRTUES

I. COURAGE

1. Physical—through stories of heroic acts.
2. Moral—in truthfulness and honesty.

II. SELF-CONTROL—In Act and Speech

1. At home.
2. At school.
3. At play.

Note.—In the treatment of this, as of other topics, the teacher's example is of great importance.

III. THRIFT

1. Care in the use of school supplies: the economical use of paper, books, pencils, crayons, pens.
2. Care of clothing: those who provide our clothing for us; how we should take care of it.
3. The spending of money: what money is for; the wise use of money.
4. The saving of money: the home bank; the school bank; the savings bank; encourage the children to save for some definite object a part of the money which is given to them or which they may earn.
5. The saving of time.

Note.—Relate this topic to Care of Property, Punctuality.

IV. PERSEVERANCE

1. In work: at home; at school.
2. In well-doing.

Note.—Relate this topic to Thoroughness.

A Class-room Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Extract from a letter from a teacher: ". . . I work the class-room S. P. C. A. in this way: after a lesson on Kindness to Animals, I mention forming a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"A part of the blackboard is devoted to the society, and the children are encouraged to bring in pictures of animals, which I paste on the board. I start the collection with one picture I have found.

"From day to day the children report any kind act they have done for animals, and I record them briefly on the board without names."

Special particulars as to the formation of a S. P. C. A. or Band of Mercy may be had by addressing the nearest city organization for such humane work, or by reading the laws which appear on the last few pages of the book "Black Beauty"; or by addressing the American Humane Education Society, 170–184 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., from whom valuable literature on the subject may be obtained.

PART II

I. THE POLICEMAN

1. Stories of police heroism.
2. What the policeman does for us: Protects our homes; sends in alarm in case of fire; keeps watch while we are away, etc. Protects us on the streets by reporting cave-ins and putting up warning signals, etc. Protects us at street crossings from horses, automobiles, cars, etc.
3. How we may aid the policeman.

NOTE.—Relate this topic to *Obedience, Helpfulness, Care of property, Respect, Self-control, Courage, Fair Play, Safety.*

II. THE FIREMAN

1. The story of a fire: The alarm; the race to the fire; how the firemen fight the fire; stories of heroic acts of firemen.
2. A visit to a fire station: The engines; the firemen always ready to respond to an alarm; the horses; the automobile service; what takes place when an alarm of fire is sounded.
3. Prevention of fires: Care in the use of matches—the rule of the United States Forestry Service: Break your match before throwing it away; the danger of playing with fire; the uses of fire when it is man's servant; its dangers when it becomes master; stories of great fires, loss of life, property, etc.
4. Giving alarms in case of fire: How alarms are sent in; false alarms.
5. Precautions to insure personal safety: Care in the use of inflammable or explosive materials; keeping hallways, fire escapes and other exits clear of obstructions; noting location of exits; keeping cool in case of fire—how easy it is for every one to get out if all keep cool—danger from panic—aiding the weak.

NOTE.—Relate this topic to *Safety, Self-Control, Courage.*

III. THE POSTMAN

1. The story of a letter: How it is posted; the collection; the sub-postal station or the post-office; how a letter travels; the letter ready for delivery.
2. The postman: How often he delivers mail in your neighborhood; some of the things which he has to do; rural free delivery service.

3. A visit to the post-office: What we see; the sorting; stamping, etc.

4. How we may help the postman: Addressing letters properly; writing distinctly in addressing letters; placing the stamp properly; answering the bell promptly for the postman; saving time by having a letter box.

NOTE.—Relate this topic to *Helpfulness.*

IV. THE STREET CLEANER

1. Our streets—the hallways of the city.
2. The people who use the streets.
3. How the streets become dirty: The dirt caused by carelessness.
4. The story of the men who clean the streets: How the streets are cleaned.
5. How clean streets make for health.
6. How we may aid in keeping our streets clean.

NOTE.—Relate this topic to *Cleanliness, Helpfulness, Safety, Respect.*

V. THE GARBAGE COLLECTOR

1. Garbage—waste food: Care not to throw away any food that can be used.
2. The garbage can covered. Why?
3. The relation of decayed garbage to health—flies.
4. The garbage collector: What he does for us; when and how he makes his collections—the covered iron wagon; what is done with the garbage.
5. Importance of observing city regulations.

NOTE.—Relate this topic to *Cleanliness, Helpfulness, Safety, Respect, Thrift.*

VI. THE ASH COLLECTOR AND THE RUBBISH COLLECTOR

1. The ashes in our houses: Keep in metal receptacles if possible to avoid fire.

2. The rubbish in our houses: Danger of allowing rubbish to accumulate—fire—health; danger of fire from mixing ashes and rubbish.

3. The ash collector and the rubbish collector: What they do for us; when and how they make their collections; the wagons they use; what is done with the ashes.

4. Importance of observing city regulations.

NOTE.—Relate this topic to *Cleanliness, Helpfulness, Safety, Respect.*

(Parts I and II of this outline are from the Course of Study in Civics for the Public Schools of Philadelphia).

PART III

SAFETY FIRST

1. The value of safety first: Accidents from carelessness; sources of danger.

2. How to protect ourselves from danger: Chance-taking; being on guard.

NOTE.—Relate this topic to *Our Public Servants.*

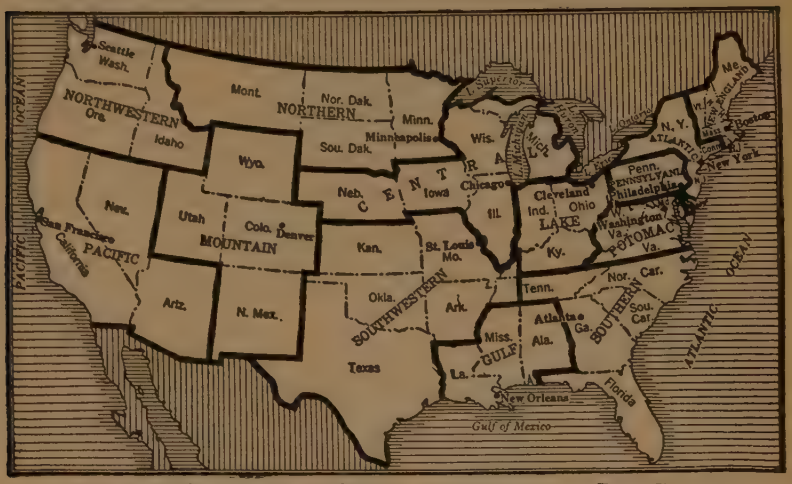
PART IV

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

1. Stories about the work of the Red Cross.
2. Stories about Red Cross heroes and heroines.
3. Work of the Junior Red Cross.

HOW TO OBTAIN INFORMATION ABOUT THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

On the Division Organization Map below, find the city indicated as Headquarters of the Division in which you are situated.



DIVISION ORGANIZATION MAP OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

Address:

The Junior Red Cross

(Name of your Division City).....

(Name of State).....

Offices of (Name of your Division).....

American Red Cross

For example:

Suppose you live in Montana. The name of the Division in which you are situated is "Northern." The offices of the Headquarters of your Division are in Minneapolis.

You would address your inquiry as follows:

The Junior Red Cross

Minneapolis, Minn.

Offices of Northern Division

American Red Cross.

List of books telling about the Junior Red Cross:

"Story of the Red Cross" (free of charge). Ask for ARC 601.

"Manual of Junior Red Cross Activities" (free).

"Red Cross Stories for Children," by Georgene Faulkner, with introduction by Doctor H. N. MacCracken.

This little volume is the property of the American Red Cross.

NOTE.—These books may be obtained from your Division Headquarters.

BOOKS THAT WILL BE USEFUL IN TEACHING. RED CROSS ACTIVITIES

The Mary Frances First Aid Book.
The Mary Frances Cook Book.
The Mary Frances Sewing Book.
The Mary Frances Knitting and Crocheting Book.
Published by the John C. Winston Co.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS